

JUNE 15, 1898.

# THE Chap-Book

SEMI-MONTHLY

A MISCELLANY & REVIEW of BELLES LETTRES



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Vol. IX, No. 3

SEMI-MONTHLY

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## NOTES

**A**N INCREASE IN NEWSPAPER PROFITS during war times has been accepted as an indisputable fact by almost every one. And the very simplest processes of logic lead one from this to an explanation of the extraordinary fighting spirit which the press displayed during the weeks before the final declaration. But a more careful investigation would make it less sure that this is a rich harvest season for the press. Circulations have undoubtedly increased, and the more lively and warlike the paper the greater has been its gain. But expenses have also increased tremendously. Special dispatch boats cost money, and you cannot even get cooling drinks for the war correspondents at the Tampa Bay Hotel free of charge. The cost of getting news for the censor to suppress, and of inventing it this side of the danger line is really very great. Now, in ordinary times an increase in circulation is worth while, no matter what is costs. And it costs a great deal sometimes. It is rumored in professional circles that the last 80,000 of The Ladies' Home Journal's subscribers cost that paper considerably more than the money which they paid into the treasury of its proprietors.

Two things, in ordinary times, make these costly spurts worth while. A convenient rule in a newspaper office is that you can make permanent twenty-five per cent of any temporary increase in circulation. And in ordinary times any permanent increase means just so much more advertising at just so much higher rates. And here is where all rules fail in war times. Advertising does not increase as does circulation; on the whole it has decreased considerably since war began. And the papers find themselves in the position of losing more money with every extra copy sold. For it is no longer a

paradox to any one that the newspaper costs more than you pay for it every time, and that it is only the advertising which can put anything on the credit side. Until war stimulates general business more than it has as yet, the immediate pecuniary returns of war to the newspapers are not going to be large.

Of course, no newspaper can afford to be economical. The best war news and the best "fakes" must be had. The public will tolerate no niggardliness in such matters. And the newspaper which has any hopes for the future must hold its own now. It was cheap enough to urge the necessity of war, and the policy was unquestionably popular. But war itself is proving a very expensive luxury to many a paper, and we may expect that no violent efforts will be made to continue the war should peace seem in prospect.

ONE CLAUSE of the law of compensations has long been familiar to the student of affairs as they are disclosed in the daily newspapers—the fact that there is only about so much of interest in the world at large, so that unusual happenings (and the unusual is always a factor in news) in any given place make against the happening of other things out of the common run elsewhere. Notable calamities, the Chicago fire, the Johnstown flood, the St. Louis cyclone, are just as certain to leave the world free from casualties in general as a presidential election, a world's exposition or a legislative scandal are to diminish the sum total of all other happenings.

It has been objected heretofore that this was not an actual but a relative cessation of the lesser matters which, under ordinary circumstances, make up the most of the daily paper; that these were dwarfed by a change in the point of view, and so com-



manded less space, rather than that they ceased even for twenty-four hours. The better informed have been certain, however contentious their opponents, that in times of national upheaval in politics, for example, scandals, crimes, and accidents, the bulk of current happenings, either cease to exist or if they do exist, take on the flavor of the dominant news and grow out of politics almost entirely.

The yellow journals of New York are finding an unexpected proof of this since the breaking out of war. Many of the wise men declined positions as correspondents, seeing in the space they occupied in the paper greater remuneration for staying at home than in the salary to be paid them at the front. They have been grievously disappointed. So engrossed has the community become in the new navy and the new army, and their conflicts with Spain, actual or rumored, that its component members apparently have no time left to do criminal things or things otherwise disgraceful, leaving your sharp-nosed reporter without his carrion.

**A FEELING OF GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT** mastered us on the morning of May 23d, when we learned that one of the most delightfully romantic and picturesque fêtes which a yellow journalism had ever planned for this grateful country had failed to come off—had, in fact, “fluked” completely, if one may venture upon such an expression. In the New York World we had read the following fascinating bit of correspondence from Topeka:

A Romany gypsy queen will be crowned here on May 22, at which time between 800 and 900 of the tribe will assemble to do her honor. Already the queen-elect has arrived at Topeka, with an escort of sixty Romany gypsies.

Such a ceremony is of rare occurrence. There has been but one gypsy coronation in the United States, and that was last year, at St. Louis, when a queen was crowned for the English tribe.

The Romany tribe dates its lineage back to the Pharaohs. It is said to be the oldest of the gypsy bands. For several hundred years the headquarters of the tribe have been in Austria. A few weeks ago Queen Sophia Fryer died in Austria. She had ruled the Romany gypsies sixty-two years.

The news of her death was received by her daughter, Molly Fryer, a few days ago. A conference of gypsies was held, and it was decided to crown the late queen's daughter on May 22, at which time she will be twenty years of age.

The preliminary arrangements for the coronation are being made by Louis Stackovitch, a brother-in-law of the queen-elect. The gypsy band is now camped near Topeka. The coronation will be a time of feasting and joy. The ceremonies will extend throughout the week.

The ceremonies of coronation will be in charge of Father Metrovitch, high priest of the Romany gypsies. He lives at Chicago.

The crown which was worn by the late queen, Sophia Fryer, is now being remodeled for the queen-elect. It was a magnificent affair, composed of precious jewels and gold. Extra jewels and ornamental work are to be added to it. Minnie Youngs, a cousin of Molly Fryer, will bring the crown from Austria, and in the coronation ceremonies at Topeka will formally present her with the crown.

Molly Fryer, the queen-elect, is called a beauty among gypsies. She is possessed of sparkling black eyes, a dark skin, and a graceful figure. She came to the United States eight months ago. She speaks English but little, but she speaks twelve other languages. Three months ago she married Gustav Stackovitch, a Romany gypsy from Australia.

Louis and Gustav Stackovitch and their wives have a camp separated from the large camp. They are the bonton of Gypsydom. Their tents, wagons and furnishings are better than those of the other gypsies.

It can do no harm to confess that in our innocence we went so far as to write to Mr. Paul Kester, the author of *Tales of the Real Gypsy*, asking him if he intended to be present at the coronation, and suggesting that in such an event *THE CHAP-BOOK* would be glad to have from him an illustrated article on the subject. Mr. Kester expressed no disbelief in the story, but his affairs made it impossible for him to be at Topeka. We can therefore only present our readers with the account of the affair which is furnished us by the *Topeka Daily Capital*:

Yesterday was the date announced some weeks ago for the crowning of a gypsy queen of the world in North Topeka.

It was claimed that untold multitudes of picturesque, swarthy skinned Roumanians would assemble under the swinging grape vines of Soldier creek woods and would celebrate the weird coronation of a gypsy queen.

It was claimed that relatives of the alleged queen were in Austria preparing rich robes and jewelry set with precious stones for use at the momentous occasion.

Meantime the “queen,” a dirty-faced, stoop-shouldered female, whose choicest garment was a red calico wrapper, told fortunes in a smoky, malodorous tent at the remunerative price of one dollar a tell. Several evil-eyed men loafed about the tent in the day time, trading horses, watches, knives, and obscene stories with those who came to look upon the alleged grandeur of the gypsy camp.

While the queen was flim-flamming the proprietors of the Floral Festival for a daily guarantee and a generous slice of the net receipts to boot by occupying a dimly lighted booth and distributing ready-made fortunes, the men were loafing and bartering.

The gypsy queen and her retinue of tramps was the most foundationless, indigestible fake that ever was advertised in a newspaper.

Nothing has been seen of the gypsies for over a month. They folded their filthy tents and stole away. It was not proven that they stole anything else, for they were pretty closely watched by the police. They promised to return in time for the “coronation.” But their promises, like their prophecies, were false fabrications built to deceive a generous public which had given them board and lodging for thirty days.

But there was no great sorrow at the breaking of the promise. Some of the officers of the law were even heard to murmur:

“Them gyps are gone—and we’re d— glad of it!”

Newspapers from San Francisco to New York that swallowed the fake with a great gusto of cuts and copy should take notice that the gypsy queen canceled her date; reason not stated.

We had thought that the imagination of the country was all being employed in authentic cablegrams from the seat of war. But it is not so. In Topeka alone is an unfledged sensational novelist of the first rank.

**ANOTHER EFFECT ON THE NEWSPAPERS** of war has been that a tremendous number of special writers for the Sunday papers have found their occupation gone. The Sunday editor wants only war articles, and it is only a comparatively small class that can furnish them. Furthermore, the same “stuff” does for newspapers everywhere. The woman writer finds that her article on *The Home Life of Women Doctors*, and *Shoes for Dogs the Latest Fad of Fashion* are no longer the marketable commodities that they were. From the point of view of the reader this is a good thing. It relaxes the strain which used to be upon one Sundays. But from the standpoint of the



"special" writers the thing is serious. Actual penury is what threatens them.

NEWSPAPER PEOPLE OUT OF EMPLOY seem to be numerous in the Klondike. Perhaps our special writers will go there. Joaquin Miller sends to *The Land of Sunshine* a rather amusing account of some of them.

"We are fortunate in having fine neighbors" he says; "newspaper men and artists from the great Eastern cities, and we are entertained and instructed. Men do not play cards here as they did in California. But there are newspaper men and newspaper men. The camp is overrun with homeless fellows going up and down claiming to be working for this paper or that. They are too worthless to provide supplies and too lazy to build cabins and keep them in order. They are a numerous nuisance here. There were three women of this sort who used to go up and down the creeks, booted to the thighs and all girded and plumed like Jack the Giant Killer, but they found other business. One is a good cook for a good company of miners, one is kicking high at a higher salary in a dance hall, and one has got married a time or two. Would that the other newspaper tramps would find something better to do than 'cousining' around from one mining camp to another. I say this not only because it is right, but because the miners have asked me to say it. No man is a real man who shirks the task of packing his load over the Pass, where he can have every alternate sack of flour for packing it over, and other things in like way; or at least could last season. He may be talented and he may be tolerated, but he is at the same time despised."

There is another account of a visit to their cabin made by a newspaper woman:

"Life is not a bit monotonous in a Klondike cabin, much as you might imagine it. All sorts of people call, of all sexes and conditions; more women than you would think; good women, bright and beautiful, with healthful color from brisk walks in the keen cold. One woman who sat watching Kreling, to his great annoyance, as he cooked, said, 'N. G.! It would kill me to eat that.' He looked at her a moment and then said very seriously, 'No, madam, it would not kill you. It might cripple you for life, but it would not kill you. However, I wish you no harm, and you shall not even be crippled.' And with great gravity and deliberation he set only two plates. Then she left."

PROFESSOR CHARLES ELIOT NORTON is not a favorite, for the moment, or more would have been said of his retirement from the active position of lecturer on the Fine Arts at Harvard. Only those who know Harvard realize what this means to the university, and through its graduates to the outside world. It is perhaps too much to say that Professor Norton has been the dominant influence in Cambridge; the place is too big for that. But for many years he has come nearer than any other

single personality to embodying the many curious qualities which we call vaguely the "Harvard spirit." One never felt quite sure whether Professor Norton influenced the university or whether it was that by a wonderful sensitiveness he had come to be the spirit of the university made concrete.

Objection to such broad generalizations as this will be made by every man who has lived in Cambridge. Part of Harvard's independence consists in each man having his idea of what Harvard really is; and rarely did any one agree thoroughly with Professor Norton. He has been called by every class un-American, reactionary, a kind of Ruskin manqué. Hundreds of men took his courses, in Fine Arts III and IV, which were ostensibly on the history of ancient and mediæval art, without ever consciously listening to what was said. But the lectures would not keep inside the lecture room. They were in the whole atmosphere of the place; they formed a kind of background to which the new student learned to fit his life. A kind of mental aristocracy, a fastidiousness, an assumption that beauty and delicacy were things it was not effeminate to love, a vigorous and unyielding independence of judgment, a democracy of feeling which comes rather from a feeling that there are inequalities that can be bridged than from any conviction of equality, an emphasis constantly laid on manners, with the idea that in the end this meant morals as well—all these were various phases of thought which as found in the Harvard undergraduate were directly traceable to Professor Norton. They talk a great deal about the "atmosphere" of Harvard. It can never be quite the same without Fine Arts III and IV.

AMERICA HAS A CRITIC OR TWO of catholic taste—men who may be relied upon to read the literary works of the day with a fine appreciation of the good there is in them. But in that respect there is no one to compare with Mr. Gladstone. Being a kindly man by nature and education, and one quite fearless in his opinions, he never hesitated in saying that he had enjoyed a book, and in telling why. There was not the slightest suspicion that he would injure his reputation as a judge of such matters by rather voluminous and rather indiscriminate praise—on the contrary, he seems to have believed that the uniform courtesy of his manner in this regard would win for him higher esteem than greater strictures could—and in this he was undoubtedly correct.

As for the reading public, it always put its trust in Mr. Gladstone's judgment, which, though obtained by devious means now and again, was always pronounced with characteristic candor and generosity. A recently published collection of these opinions of his begins with a complimentary review of *The Life of the Rev. Joseph Blanco White*—"Single Sonnet" White, quite as much as it ever was "Single Speech" Hamilton. He does not scruple here to compare him with Shelley, to the latter's disparagement, rather, however, on grounds of religion than of art.

His wideness of view was shown by the modified approval given by Marie Bashkirtseff's *Journal*, as well as of Sonia Kovalevsky's *Biography*. The few books that "influenced" him most were, so he told the *British Journal*, Aristotle, St. Augustine, Dante and Bishop Butler. Robert Elsemere and Dodo, the Heinemann translation of Felix Gras's *The Reds of the Midi*, and all sorts of things written by Mr. Hall Caine, these exemplify a curious taste in fiction.

Many an American has to thank him for kindness of this sort. Mr. Harold Frederic had a most commendatory note regarding *In the Valley*, and *The Damnation of Theron Ware*. Dr. Henry Van Dyke's *The Poetry of Tennyson* was highly complimented, and the letter in Mr. Stanley Waterloo's *A Man and a Woman* had his strong approbation.

It is curious to note that, toward the last, Mr. Gladstone had misgivings regarding the value of the judgments he so generously meted out. He wrote M. Tissot regarding his *Life of Jesus*, on December 4, 1896, and said, "If you find the use of my name will be in any manner of degree injurious, you will then forbear from using it."

But the smile of the more astute among the critics never troubled him further than that, and the public never swerved in its devotion to his standard, whatever it was. Gladstone's kindness will be memorable when the shrewder judges are dust.

PRINTING PRESSES ONCE DEVOTED TO PEACE TRACTS now rumble with books of war. A small volume, evidently printed at this time in response to the popular demand, called *War*, and published by the Doubleday and McClure Company, is made up from actual war experiences during the rebellion, as told by soldiers on both sides. The major-general commanding the army of the United States gives the first of these, and various majors and captains, with a solitary private, round out its small dimensions.

The stories are those of personal heroism. The *Bravest Deeds I Ever Knew* is the title of General Miles's initial tale. The episode best worth remembering is that of the young officer who urged his troops into deadly fire with the exhortation:

"Come on! come on! Do you want to live forever?"

General Miles localizes this at Malvern Hill in the person of a young Confederate colonel. We opine it has happened in other states and in foreign parts as well—indeed, it had a Greek flavor, and might have been said in the charge at Plataea.

Captain T. J. Mackey, who served the South in the corps of engineers, has nothing quite as impressive as this to tell, but his account of *The Bravest Deed of the War* is much more convincing, both in subject-matter and in corroborative detail. Briefly, it sets forth that an Iowa captain went out and took the regimental standard from the Twenty-Seventh South Carolina single handed, only to be shot by the brigadier in com-

mand. There are several other stories, but none of equal interest, though all are of the same kind.

It appears from them taken collectively that nothing appeals to the soldier, as to the civilian, so much as sheer daring hardihood, and that the instances of it are innumerable in every engagement. It is not the merely animal man, the brute or plug ugly, who excels in this sort of performance, either; but generally the sort of man who goes pale at the sight of danger and pulls himself together to act in defiance of it. In other words, here, as everywhere, brain, not brawn, is the factor determining success.

NOTHING SEEMS TO HAVE SO JARRED the literary sensibilities of the minor poet as the failure of one of him to buy whisky for another of him who had just bought whisky. Mr. Richard Le Gallienne is the accused; the accuser no less eminent a versifier than the author of *Om. Mammon, A Spirit Song*, Mr. Louis M. Elshemus, who has not been without mention in *THE CHAP-BOOK*. Let him tell the fatal omission in his own unequalled way, quoted from a letter of his to the *New York Times*:

As to the man who is received in every club and in most houses I have found out that he lacks the most rudimentary manners. It was at the club that I was introduced to him. I said I had read his works, and had been interested in his poems; I incidentally mentioned that I was a poet, and offered him a cigar, which he accepted. Then we walked down stairs. In the reading-room I introduced him to a number of friends of mine and suggested, "What will it be?" We all three decided on "Scotch." We drank together and chatted quite animatedly, when he was called away by some members near by. He talked awhile. I waited for him to drink the last round, as his glass was left standing on the barstand. After five minutes he returned. I thought he would drink to my health or ask me if I cared for another, as every gentleman does, before taking leave of me. No. My surprise was worth taking with a kodak. He came up; did not look at me; he took his glass of Scotch in his hand and silently stole out of the room, without thanking me for the drink I paid for him—without looking my way. I almost succumbed to a burst of surprise; still I restrained it and simply drank my glass out *solis*. This act was so ungentlemanly that I immediately pronounced him to be an ordinary man, on whom human manners had had no influence whatsoever.

It seems the sadder to have shocked Mr. Elshemus, for his sensibilities are not few nor to be hardened by exposure. He says himself:

Lamartine, when asked to read some of his poems to a private audience for their entertainment, rejoined that he could not recite his own verses, because the memory of his feelings while writing the poems would cause him to grow so emotional that he feared he would weep. He was a genuine poet—a modest, sensitive, and whole-hearted man. One time I was asked to read one of my love songs; at first I declined, but, taking courage, I began at the first stanza; at the second my voice quavered a little; at the third my voice trembled—and I felt tears collecting in my eyes. That settled my reading my own effusions to friends. I shiver when I contemplate my having to read them before an audience of strangers. But that shall never be. I'm too much like Lamartine.

There is a partiotic cry raised also by Mr. Elshemus, who would like to see the contract labor law extended to poets and lecturers. But here he exhibits a fatal inconsistency: how can the man complain of British verse who, by his own admission, drinks Scotch whisky? They hang for that in Kentucky.



MR. AND MRS. GLADSTONE

IN ST. SWITHIN'S CHURCH, BOURNEMOUTH, SUNDAY, MARCH 6TH, 1898.

## WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE

**T**HE long-expected news has come at last, and brought with it, after all, a shock nearly as great as if it never had been expected—as if we had not been waiting for it through long and anxious weeks and months. William Ewart Gladstone is dead, and has left no one behind him in English statesmanship who could, by any possibility, be regarded as his peer. Gladstone was, on the whole the greatest Prime Minister England has ever had.

We must assign to him that position, whether we regard the amount and the value of the practical work he did in statesmanship or whether we consider merely the intellectual power of the man. He was one of the very foremost of English orators, whether in Parliament or on the platform. In my time, so far as my judgment goes, his only rival as an orator was John Bright, and in his inexhaustible readiness of debating power he was far superior to Bright.



Gladstone never, indeed, was tried by any such supreme national crisis as that which, more than once, taxed to the uttermost the energies of the elder and of the younger Pitt. No moment arose during Gladstone's time when the safety and very existence of the empire seemed to be at stake. All that we know is, that to every crisis which arose during his time of leadership he proved himself equal, and we have no reason to doubt that a yet greater strain would have called into exercise yet greater powers. Gladstone has left on English legislation, a far deeper and more lasting mark than it was the fortune of either Pitt to make. Sir Robert Peel comes nearest to him in this kind of achievement among modern English Prime Ministers; but Sir Robert Peel's field of activity was narrow indeed and unvaried when compared with that of Gladstone. If Edmund Burke had been a Prime Minister, he might perhaps have equaled Gladstone in beneficent legislation, but Burke never had a chance of holding high office in the State. There are two qualities in which Burke and Gladstone greatly resembled each other. One was the immense capacity for acquiring and turning to account a vast stock of information on almost all subjects—I should say that these two men were far superior to all other English working statesmen in the extent and the variety of their knowledge. The other characteristic which they had in common was the quality of intense and overmastering conscientiousness. What Macaulay said of Burke might very well be said of Gladstone: he was sometimes wrong in his conclusion, but he always judged from



GLADSTONE'S LAST PORTRAIT

the right point of view. It would be impossible to think of either Burke or Gladstone adopting any political course because of any selfish or personal motive. Again and again Gladstone renounced the most cherished prejudices of his birth, of his bringing up, and of his surroundings, because he saw that the truth was not in them, and he heard the voice of Truth calling on him to follow her.

It would probably be very difficult to convey to an American reader a full estimate of the struggle through which the mind and heart of Gladstone must have passed before he made his resolve to undertake the disestablishment of the State Church in Ireland. An American has nothing to do with such questions; he has no State Church principle to trouble himself about, and there is no possibility of his being called upon to discuss the question whether a country whose majority are in favor of the State Church has a moral right to enforce its State Church on another country, the vast majority of whose inhabitants are decidedly against it. Gladstone had been brought up in the very atmosphere of a State Church. The Eton and the Oxford of his younger days were almost strictly State Church institutions. He championed in his first book the right of a State to set up a Church, and to favor and promote its teaching. To the end of his life he seems to have held to the principle of a State Church for England, where the great majority of the people belonged to its ministrations. But it was borne in upon his mind and upon his conscience that England had no right to impose upon Ireland the burden of a State Church, whose ministrations were absolutely rejected by at least five-sixths of the population. When Gladstone had made up his mind on this subject he followed out the course dictated to him by his conscience, undismayed by any difficulties, counting the loss of friends and followers and of popularity among his own set as nothing when compared with the maintenance of the rightful cause. So it was, too, with him when his mind became satisfied of the justice of the Irish national claim for Home Rule. He was slow to see the justice of that claim; it took him long years to form a conviction. Nothing can be more utterly unfounded, more directly opposed to the facts, than the belief very common among certain political sections in this country, that Gladstone suddenly came over to Home Rule when he found that the Home Rule party in the House of Commons had become so strong as to make it difficult for a hostile ministry to hold its place. I know of my own knowledge that the belief is utterly unfounded. I know of my own knowledge that twenty years ago Mr. Gladstone was beginning to open his mind to the whole subject of the Home Rule claim, and was willing to be convinced of its justice and of the possibility of a system of national government for Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone was not then convinced; he had two principal doubts which he desired to have satisfied before he could make up his mind. His first doubt was whether the majority of the Irish people really desired a separate and local government, and his next doubt was whether it would be possible to set up such a local government without damage, or at



HAWARDEN CASTLE



THE LIBRARY AT HAWARDEN

all events, danger to the strength of that Imperial system which as an Imperial statesman he was bound to maintain. He told me himself that these were the two points on which at that time he especially desired to be satisfied. When events, experience, and fuller information had satisfied him on these points, he became a Home Ruler, and it seemed as nothing to him to risk office, power, popularity, and position in the hope of carrying his measure of home rule. As it was with him on this Home Rule question, so it was with him on all other questions—he only wanted to see the right course. When he saw it he followed it to the end.

Gladstone had in him no taint of that vulgarity—I can use no other word—which mars the intellect of so many other statesmen and fills them with the belief that a nation's greatness consists merely in the extent of territory which she overruns and adds to her rule. With him the greatness of England meant the development of her intellect, the education of her people, the improvement of the condition of her poor, the lightening of burdens on the too heavily laden, the maintenance of exalted ideals, the noble ambition to be just. Gladstone's desire was that England should be a benefactress among the nations; he had only a feeling of pity and contempt for those whose chief desire would be to make her a swaggering tyrant, boasting the extent of her conquests and proclaiming the number of her slaves. Gladstone was, above all things, a Christian in statesmanship as he was a Christian in private life. He did not believe in any greatness which sought to set itself outside the principles of the Christian faith. No semblance of temporary success could delude him for a single instant out of his fixed belief on that subject. In that belief he lived and struggled, won complete success now, met with temporary failure then. In that belief he died. He combined in a manner which seems to me absolutely unique amongst statesmen, the virtues of a dreamer with the virtues of a worker; the virtues of a recluse with the virtues of a leader of men.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY.

## BALLAD OF THE SABER CROSS AND 7

**A** TROOP of sorrels led by Vic and then a troop of bays;  
In the backward ranks of the foaming flanks a double troop of grays;  
The horses are galloping muzzle to tail, and back of the waving manes  
The troopers sit, their brows all knit, a left hand on the reins.  
Their hats are gray, and their shirts of blue have a saber cross and 7,  
And little they know, when the trumpeters blow, they'll halt at the gates of heaven.  
Their colors have dipped at the top of a ridge—how the long line of cavalry waves!—  
And over the hills, at a gallop that kills, they are riding to get to their graves.

"I heard the scouts jabber all night," said one; "they peppered my dreams with alarm.  
That old Ree scout had his medicine out an' was tryin' to fix up a charm."  
There are miles of tepees just ahead, and the warriors in hollow and vale  
Lie low in the grass till the troopers pass, and then they creep over the trail.

The trumpets have sounded—the General shouts! He pulls up and turns to the rear;  
"We can't go back—they've covered our track—we've got t' fight 'em here."

He rushes a troop to the point of the ridge where the valley opens wide,  
And Smith deploys a line of the boys to stop the coming tide.

There's a fringe of fire on the skirt of the hills; in every deep ravine  
The savages yell, like the fiends of hell, behind a smoky screen.

"Where's Reno?" said Custer, "Why do n't he charge! It is n't a time to dally!"  
And he shouts for help, and he waves his hat to the men across the valley.

There's a wild stampede of horses; every man in the skirmish line  
Stands at his post as a howling host rush up the steep incline.

Their rifles answer the deadly fire and they fall with a fighting frown,  
Till two by two, in a row of blue, the skirmish line is down.

A trooper stood over his wounded mate, "No use o' your tryin' t' fight,  
Blow out yer brains—you'll suffer hell-pains when ye go to the torture to-night.  
We tackled too much; 'twas a desperate game—I knowed we never could win it.  
Custer is dead—they're all of 'em dead an' I shall be dead in a minute."

They're all of them down at the top of the ridge; the saber cross and 7  
On many a breast, as it lies at rest, is turned to the smoky heaven.

The wounded men are up and away; they're running hard for their lives,  
While the bloody corse of rider and horse is quivering under the knives.

Some troopers watch from a distant hill with hope that never tires;  
As the shadows fall on the camp of Gall they can see its hundred fires,  
And phantoms ride on the dusky plain and the troopers tell their fears  
As the bugle rings, the song it sings they hope may reach his ears.

There's a reeling dance on the river's edge; its echoes fill the night;  
In the valley dim, the shadows swim on a lengthening pool of light.  
On the Hill of Fear the troopers stand and listen with bated breath,  
While the bugle strains on lonely plains are searching the valley of death.

\* \* \* \* \*

"What's that like tumbled grave stones on the hilltop there ahead!"  
Said the trooper peering through his glass, "My God! sir, it's the dead!  
How white they look! How white they look! they've killed 'em—every one!  
An' they're stripped as bare as babies an' they're rotting in the sun."

And Custer—back of the tumbled line on a slope of the ridge we found him;  
And three men deep in a bloody heap, they fell as they rallied 'round him.  
The plains lay brown, like a halted sea held firm by the hand of God;  
In the rolling waves we dug their graves and left them under the sod.

IRVING BACHELLER.



## OLD-TIME DRINKS AND DRINKERS

## HUFF-CUP AND NIPPITATUM

**A** POTENT drink, beloved of gay sparks and roystering blades was huff-cup. This was a slang expression for very strong brewed ale, as this quotation would show:

In certain towns \* \* \* against a Christmas or Whitsunday, the Church wardens of every parish provided half a score or twenty quarters of mault, \* \* \* which being made into very strong ale or beer it is set to sale, either in the Church, or some other place assigned to that purpose. When this Huff-cap, as they call it, and this Nectar of lyfe is set abroche, wel' is he that can get the soonest to it and spend the most at it.

That never-failing well of reference, Stubbes, in his *Anatomy of Abuses*, also calls it strong ale.

There is such headie ale in most of them (the markets) as for the mightinesse thereof among such as seek it out, is commonly called huff-cup. \* \* \* It is incredible to say how our malt-bugs lug at this liquor.

In *The Old, Old, Very Old Man*—John Taylor's poem on Thomas Parr, then one hundred and fifty-three years old, we learn that—

Hee had little leisure time to waste  
At the Ale-house huff-cap Ale to taste,

but drank plain ale instead.

The Art of Flattery thus mentions it:

To quench the scorching heat of our parched throtes with the best nippitatum in this town, which is commonly called huff-cap; it will make a man look as though he had seen the devil.

It was a catch-penny dodge of some London tavern-keepers of olden times, strongly suggestive of some modern trade tricks, to hang up a sign in the tap-room that but a single glass would be sold at a sitting. The result is told by old Decker, in his *Seven Deadly Sins Seven Times Press'd to Death*:

Then you must have another brewing called Huff's Ale, at which, because no man must have but a pot at a sitting and so be gone, the restraint makes them more eager to come in, so that by this policie one may huffe it four or five times a day.

There is one survival of the word to-day. A strong ale called Huff is still brewed at Winchester school for the use of the fellows.

Nippitatum or nippitato used above was another slang name for strong ale. "Well fares England, where the poor may have a pot of ale for a penny; fresh ale, firm ale, nappy ale, nippitate ale." In the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, is a full reference and use of this word:

My father oft will tell me of a drink  
In England found, and nipitato call'd  
Which driveth all the sorrow from your heart.  
Lady, 'tis true, you need not lay your lips  
To better nipitato than there is.

The word huff-cap came to be used derivatively to indicate a noisy roysterer. I can see the swaggerer of Elizabeth's day, in breeches bombasted and stuffed with sawdust, with peascod-bellied doublet, great ruff, feathered hat and gay shoe-roses, reeling up to a red-lattice and bawling in for another pot of huff-cup; the word and the character seem well mated.

ALICE MORSE EARLE.

## THE WISE MAN OF THE SEA

**C**APTAIN MAHAN is not without honor in his own country; yet the publication at this time of a collection of his essays, given first to the American public through its magazines several years ago, shows him to have been a disregarded prophet, preaching in a wilderness of national indifference. Were it any satisfaction to so pure a patriot and so profound a thinker, I Told You So would serve as a title for this work better than another. It is no small matter to have thought out a paper on *The United States Looking Outward* as long ago as 1890 which shall be timely in 1898, and what is true of this first paper is true of the seven others: whenever conceived or published they deal with questions now demanding solution and matters imminent in our national life by reason of this current war. The opening paragraph of the volume begins, "Indications are not wanting of an approaching change in the thoughts and policy of Americans as to their relations with the world outside their borders;" the closing paragraph decides that Cuba is the best strategical point in the Gulf of Mexico, and the rest of the book may be fairly judged from its beginning and end.

"There is no sound reason," wrote Captain Mahan eight years ago, "for believing that the world has passed into a period of assured peace outside the limits of Europe." "On the other hand," he adds, "neither the sanctions of international law nor the justice of a cause can be depended upon for a fair settlement of differences, when they come into conflict with a strong political necessity on the one side opposed to comparative weakness on the other." These are the sayings of a true prophet.

No less instructive is *Hawaii and Our Future Sea Power*, published early in 1893. What is set forth there as abstract reasoning is about to become an historical fact this current month. The tradition of Washington, is to be overthrown, it appears, upon the facts disclosed by this naval critic as now tested in the crucible of war. It is almost a personal victory of the modern over the ancient American, one the mouthpiece of the national sentiment growing into the imperial, just as the other voiced the colonial sentiment which grew into the national with the war of 1812, and was finally welded into a whole in 1861-65. Taken in connection with several others of the papers here, it is possible to see the outcome of our possession of the Philippines. It has been a matter of common notoriety that the Congress would have definitely and curtly disposed of Hawaiian annexation long ago but for the knowledge that Captain Mahan was speaking a language regarding it which, if not wholly intelligible to the national lawgivers, was still one they could not refuse to learn, however slowly.

When Captain Charles E. Clarke had brought the Oregon into such a position that American newspaper men could board her and interview him,

THE INTEREST OF AMERICA IN SEA POWER, PRESENT AND FUTURE.—By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., U.S.N. 12mo. Little, Brown & Co.

after that surprising voyage which is, after all, the highest feather in the American ship-builder's cap, he said that he hoped the unnecessary miles he had traversed in a time of national danger would be an object lesson to those who oppose the canal connecting the Atlantic and Pacific. The essay here, now five years old, on *The Isthmus and Sea Power*, might have been a lesson as well. It is only less convincing than the Oregon's actually steaming from California to Florida because one is concrete and the other necessarily abstract, though the latter furnishes a score of reasons while the former gives but one.

It is a waste of time to say again that these papers are apposite. The next one is called *Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion*. In 1894 Captain Mahan writes that his only objection lies in the fact that "the time is not yet ripe." "The ground is not prepared yet in the hearts and understandings of Americans, and I doubt whether in those of British citizens," he goes on to say. Here again, is a growth in the spring still with us which excels that of all the nine months before. We know the statement to be correct, even as we know the matter is ripening rapidly and the time assuredly at hand when the English-speaking nations shall stand together in a bond as strong as that of any alliance—the bond of complete international understanding and the wider patriotism. We are the only nations of the earth who can understand one another.

If further proof were needed of the book's timeliness, it can be found in the titles of the four papers remaining: *The Future in Relation to American Naval Power*, *Preparedness for Naval War*, *A Twentieth-Century Outlook*, and *Strategic Features of the Caribbean Sea and the Gulf of Mexico*. Together they constitute the strongest plea ever put forward for the assumption of an imperial status by these United States—a plea which has its roots, not in national vanity or mere pride, but in the feeling of self-sacrifice, of isolated contentment abandoned, which is necessitated by our taking our place in the great world at our doors.

Captain Mahan makes it sufficiently clear for the most obtuse that our indwelling, our desire to amass wealth at the expense of the world without, to enjoy the advantages of a high civilization and take upon ourselves none of its duties, are all unworthy of us. He finds in the very armaments of Europe the safeguard of Christendom against outer barbarism. He would have us march with them in this reduction of the earth's surface to law and order as it is understood in Europe. He does not say, even by inference, that it has not been good for our national life since 1865 that we should have been living within our own borders and upon one another, though there is a well sustained belief that such is the fact; but he does make it clear that it will not be good for us in the future, our house having been set well in order, not to become in actuality what we assert ourselves to be in fancy, one of the world's Great Powers.

## LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS

## IV

TO MR. SAMUEL RICHARDSON

SIR: If you retain, as doubtless you do, the feelings of an author, you must summon your spirits to hear the most afflicting news of your fame. You have become an English classic, which, in this age of ours, is equivalent to saying that you are no longer read. Eighty years ago, in her preface to your *Correspondence*, Mrs. Barbauld wrote, "*Sidney's Arcadia* is a book that all have heard of, that some few possess, but that nobody reads." Nearly as much might now be said of Pamela, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison.

Take courage, Sir; for observe that while old poetry is still read by the few, neglect is the inevitable portion of novelists dead and gone. Mr. Fielding's works are not, I fear, much more commonly studied than your own. Thanks to your works, says Mrs. Barbauld, "the moated castle is changed to a modern parlour"; but ten or twelve years after the lady wrote, the moated castle returned to romance, raised by a magician's wand, and the parlour, for a season, disappeared. Now we have both parlour and castle; "improbable events" share our interest with "natural passions." For mankind is no less eager to be amused with adventures that can never befall themselves than to study, in books, exactly such occurrences and persons as entertain them least in daily life. It is with these that you delighted our great-grandmothers, "introducing useful maxims and sentiments of virtue," while presenting Mr. B—in the costume of the housemaid, for purposes, and in a situation, very far from virtuous. I conceive that your vogue rested greatly on this edifying combination of the virtuous sentiment with the vicious action or design. Even in your own outspoken day, ladies complained that they read Pamela with a blush; they were at once provoked and improved. In this fortunate double arrangement you have now many followers, and fiction of the most squalid and depraving characters and situations is uniformly written for the profoundest moral ends. The reader, however, is now expected to supply the virtuous maxims for himself, nor would a writer be encouraged who stated his valuable and pious inferences with your sedulity. I have not observed that the ethics of the age have been sensibly elevated by your moral successors, but they are talked about, their books are purchased—verily, they have their reward! These also are your offspring: Tess is a descendant of Mrs. Pamela's, though less fortunate because less rusée—they are two wonderful pure women! Moral design, with naughty description, these things secured your vogue, or helped to secure it. The physical relations of the sexes are never for a moment absent from the minds of the readers of Pamela and Clarissa. Are Mr. B—and Lovelace to succeed or fail? This is the point towards which curiosity strains. Remembering this, and looking at your portrait, I could conceive your



youth to have been as liberally bestowed as that of Mr. Samuel Pepys. You were over fifty when you wrote *Pamela*, and confessed that your elderly eyes "were always on the ladies." But, whether by timidity or virtue, your life was ever pure (we have your own word for it); though even Mrs. Barbauld finds your conduct cleaner than your imagination.

How swiftly tastes and manners alter! Ninety-three years ago, sixty-four years after *Pamela* was published, Mrs. Barbauld expresses our very ideas about that famous book. Its fame "is now somewhat tarnished by time," she says, and attributes its old success to the new experiment of "a novel written on the side of virtue," the virtue of a maiden passing through perils extremely *scabreux*. But was *Pamela's* behaviour virtue, or was it calculation, and is it a reward to marry a mean libertine, who listens at keyholes and opens letters? We know Mr. Fielding's opinion on this head, and I confess to agreeing with the author of *Joseph Andrews*. When did *Pamela* first think of catching Mr. B——? Probably when she did not leave his house, on the excuse of finishing his flowered waistcoat—and that reluctance to seek safety occurs early in the tale. The reward of marrying a man who retained Mrs. Tewker in his service can only have been worldly. Your regard for wealth and rank blinded you, one fears, to the circumstances that *Pamela* was a minx. "She has an end in view, an interested end," (I again cite Mrs. Barbauld), "and we can only consider her as the conscious possessor of a treasure which she is wisely resolved not to part with but for its just price. \* \* \* Can a woman value her honour infinitely above her life, \* \* \* and yet be won by those very attempts against her honour to which she expresses so much repugnance?" Assuredly not, and Mr. B—— was a poor Don Juan or he would have begun by winning *Pamela's* heart. Yours is not a nice morality, and your vogue depended on a curiosity rather prurient, as well as on that old romantic situation of the prisoned and oppressed virgin. It is the ancient stock-piece of romance, though no moat surrounds the *château* of Mr. B——. Of these opinions, Dr. Watts gave you an example. Yet, Sir, *Pamela* may still be read with entertainment by those who can admire your ingenuity, your touches of nature (such as *Pamela's* curious fondness for her clothes), while they are repelled by your ethics. To be sure, the astonishing length of this treatise dedicated to the virtues rebuffs most modern students. A man needs to seek a desert isle, devoid of printed paper, if he would taste *Pamela*.

Of *Clarissa*, your friend, Dr. Johnson, says: "It is not a performance to be read with eagerness, and laid aside forever, but will be occasionally consulted by the busy, the aged, and the studious." One of the busy, the aged, and the studious consults *Clarissa*, alas! but "occasionally." You say, to M. Depreval, "Tom Jones is a dissolute book. Its run is over, even with us. Is it true that France had virtue enough to refuse a license for such a profligate performance?" (January 21, 1750.) No, it was not true! The run of Tom

Jones can never be "over" while men have humour, style, and goodness of heart. Nor did the virtue of France extend so far as you were informed. In the *Secret Correspondence* of Prince Charles I have found him sending for Tom Jones, both in French and English, interested, no doubt, in a work which contains allusions to his own immortal adventures. *Clarissa*, which he also demands, is little read, though when read is admired for the stainless character of your heroine. But, in the changes of taste, it has become unspeakably odious to me to watch her in the toils of the abominable *Lovelace*. He, as Mrs. Barbauld says, would assuredly have been run through the body in England, long before he met *Clarissa*. Yet *Charteris*, you may remind me, was allowed to live on, amidst the disgust and detestation of mankind. I never knew a *Charteris* or a *Lovelace*, and I take the liberty to suppose that you were as unfamiliar with such persons. But I do not deny that your portrait displays a height of ingenuity. In reading parts of my Lord Byron's letters, one says, "Richardson, didst thou imitate Nature, or did Nature, in Lord Byron, imitate Richardson?" The tone of my lord and that of Mr. *Lovelace* are often identical. You divined the truth, or Byron modelled himself on your inventions, which latter I suspect to be the better opinion. The artifice succeeded, and my lord was as fortunate as your commoner, who "has an uncle, no dishonour to a peerage whose peers are more respectable than the nobility of any other country," as *Clarissa* declares. After her great scene with her betrayer, a sense of humour might have prevented you, Sir, from making *Clarissa* knock the chiseled elegance of her nose against a chair, so that the feature bled copiously. Or is this a touch of realism, as we say now, and a gem among your jewels? Your reformed rake, Mr. Belford, who lets these horrors go on, and does not place his sword at *Clarissa's* service, is a character, one hopes, quite incredible. For Miss Howe, with as much loveliness as her namesake, the *Maid of Honour*, and more discretion, we may thank you; for she was ready, like *Beatrice*, to eat *Lovelace's* heart in the market place.

Room does not permit an excursion into the innumerable virtues of Sir Charles Grandison, a region now sadly unfrequented. For the taste of mankind has condemned the length and improbability of your romance, wholly composed of such letters as only you and the nymphs of your "flower garden of ladies" ever wrote.

My own opinion takes a place between my Lord Macaulay's and my Lord Oxford's. The latter says of your books: "No writings, save those of Shakespeare, show more profound knowledge of the human heart." The former peer talks of your "deplorably tedious lamentations, which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller, and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist preacher." Knowing, Sir, your novels are tedious, we must needs confess them so to be. Such is the fate of the most fortunate novelists; vogue in their day, neglect after their day is ended. Yet a modern of sense would far liefer read you than these spiritual children of yours who now



sadden the sunlight. They, I think, will never be with you in the honorable and uninvaded privacy of the English classics.

Obediently your servant,

A. LANG.

### SOME SPANISH POLITICIANS

**T**HE Spaniards are our foes—made so by the grim edict of war. But not long ago the streets of Chicago were brilliant with the red and yellow of the banner of blood and gold (*oro y sangre*), while shouts of welcome rose from the throats of thousands, as a Spanish princess bowed and smiled to the admiring crowds. That they are enemies now, fiends incarnate whetting their *navaja* for the blood of "Yankee pigs," is one of the ironies of history. In the lull between the battles it may be possible to look at the leaders who govern the destinies of Spain, and judge them not as enemies but as men.

Sagasta, Moret, Silvela, Romero Robledo, Castelar; they are names which figure in the newspapers, and we know that they are men prominent in the land of our enemies, but to most of us they are sinister scoundrels wrapped in cloaks who hurl defiance at us from afar, whose bravery is merely bluster, and whose arts are of cruelty and vengeance. In reality, they are men very much like the rest of us, save that they are "down on their luck."

The political parties of Spain cannot be counted on the fingers of both hands, but roughly speaking they may be divided into two groups—those which are against the monarchy and those which are not. The conservatives, the dissident conservatives, the liberals, and the advanced liberals are for the monarchy. The Carlists, the republicans, the socialists, and (in all probability) the Weylerites are against it. The portraits here printed are of five Spaniards, each a leader; each representative of a different train of political thought. Don Práxedes Sagasta, the man in whose hands is the destiny of Spain in the hour of trial, is perhaps more comparable to an American politician than any of the group. He is an adroit political manipulator, who has governed Spain off and on during the past thirty years, more by ingenuity in seizing upon the mistakes of his enemies than by ability in originating a policy. He is a political time-server, with a rare genius for manipulation, and would find little difficulty in adapting himself to the methods of American politics. Unlike the others, he is a man who has risen from the people, and unlike them, he is not a scholar in the highest sense. He first came into prominence at the time of the unfortunate King Amadeus of Savoy, and by trimming and temporizing he managed to prolong the regal life of his royal patient beyond its natural course. In 1878 he created a new party known as the dynastic liberals, in opposition to the conservatives under Canovas, but supporting the Bourbon monarchy, which is practically the position he maintains today. It was then that he conceived the tactics of absenting himself with his followers from the Cor-



SAGASTA

tes when they found themselves in a powerful minority, and we have seen those very tactics tried against him within the past year. Sagasta would have avoided war had he dared, for Spanish honor means little to him in comparison with office holding, and one thing is certain, that he will make peace when he dares, for he is too astute a politician not to realize the hopelessness of the present struggle. His personality impresses one as that of a man who thoroughly understands the game of politics. The lines of his face are deep and well defined; he has thick, determined lips, and his shaggy gray hair and beard are almost Ibsenesque. Rather careless in the matter of dress, and decidedly democratic in his surroundings, he has nevertheless all the politeness of the true Spaniard. His manner of speaking is quiet and precise, and he has the same wonderful knowledge of men and their ways which characterized the late Mr. Blaine.

Señor Moret y Prendergast, the late minister for the colonies, is at present the most unpopular statesman in Spain, but the one of greatest foresight and ability. Had his scheme for Cuban autonomy been adopted sooner and in its entirety, had his people realized as he did the power of the United States, and the hopelessness and cruelty of the Cuban war, Spain might have been saved the ignominy of its inevitable defeat. Moret and Martinez Campos, the two men who thoroughly realized the futility of the Cuban war, each found his hands bound fast by tradition and sentiment at the moment when each might have been his country's savior. Could they have worked together, could they have convinced their countrymen of what each knew but too well, how much misery, how much bloodshed might have been spared by them! Yet both were driven from public life in disgrace. Señor Moret is a distinguished writer, and an orator of rare ability. He speaks English fluently, and understands the Anglo-Saxon character thoroughly. His knowledge of America is marvelous for one who has never visited us, and



MORET



ROBLEDO

this may perhaps be better realized when it is known that he is a constant reader of Puck, and comprehends the satire of its political cartoons. He has, above all other Spanish statesmen, a knowledge of the world, but like many a prophet is not appreciated in his own country. Some day Spaniards may realize the wisdom and statesmanship of this man, but it will be too late.

Señor Silvela is what might be called a Spanish mugwump. He is the leader of a little group of conservatives who felt themselves too good for their party, and hence withdrew to sulk alone. A great lawyer and a writer of marked ability, he is perhaps best known in Spain as an orator, among a nation of orators; a man who can speak for hours without a single note, each sentence perfectly rounded, each word distinctly pronounced, and all accentuated with easy, graceful gestures. His manner in conversation is cordial and simple, and has that indefinable charm so peculiar to the Spanish gentleman, which the Spaniards themselves call "muy simpático." He is at present not a power, except as a political free-lance, but in the merry-go-round of Spanish politics his turn may come, and the country might fare worse.

On the shoulders of Romero Robledo fell the blood-stained mantle of Canovas, but he is too insignificant for the part. He does nothing but storm and bluster, and coquette with Weyler, and

nobody knows exactly what he wants except that he is against the liberals and upholds the cruel policy of Weyler. Perhaps he will play into the hands of the Carlists when the time comes; perhaps he will play Weyler for a winning trump, and



SILVELA



CASTELAR

perhaps he will subside in his own mediocrity, which is to be hoped will be the case.

Don Emilio Castelar, the erstwhile republican chieftain, the greatest orator and the greatest writer of Spain—is the one Spaniard whom Americans have been taught to revere. He once admired us, but now no words are too bitter to express his hatred for the "Land of the Pig." But Castelar, whatever may be his faults, is a patriot. Although president of the short-lived republic, and a life-long advocate of the principle of democracy, he publicly retired from the leadership of his party and accepted the monarchy as for the best interests of Spain. He is Spanish to the bone, and every act of his is for the best interests of Spain according to his lights. His marvelous oratory was once raised in behalf of the Cuban slaves. What a pity he has become so blinded by his pro-Spanish sympathies as to overlook the misery of the Cubans of to-day. Now his hand is raised against the regent. Does he believe the hour is ripe for a republic? If so, he is still consistent, for though accepting the monarchy temporarily he remained a republican, and refused even to set foot inside the palace. Castelar is a bachelor of limited means, who lives surrounded by his books and art collections. His cook is Spanish, his wines are Spanish, and he himself is Spanish first, last and always, and then republican. He is not a great statesman. He is too honest, too theoretical for that, and as president he made a woeful failure, but among all modern Spaniards none is more admired and respected, even by his foes.

Such are a few of the men prominent in Spanish politics, but the politics themselves seem to be in a hopeless mess. The ship of state is drifting, its commanders know not where; but whatever the outcome, there is always one situation, once described by Señor Canovas as follows:

"There are at the extremes of the political arena

two intransigent, irreconcilable parties—the Carlists in the rural districts, the socialists and advanced republicans in the large cities. Between these there is the great mass of the nation, who remain calm and resigned whether Sagasta or I direct the affairs of the monarchy."

Upon the resignation of the great mass of the people depends the life of the monarchy. How long will it remain resigned to the folly and incompetence of its opportunist rulers, who accept war as the lesser of two evils, instead of boldly facing the inevitable?

## ANGELINA

**W**HEN de fiddle gits to singing out a ole Vahginny reel,  
An' you 'menes to feel a ticklin' in yo' toe  
an' in yo' heel;  
Ef you t'ink you got n'ligion an' you wants to  
keep it too,  
You jes' bettah tek a hint an' git yo'se'f clean out o' view.  
Case de time is mighty temptin' when de chune is in de  
swing,  
Fu' a daky, saint or sinner man to eut de pigeon-wing,  
An' you could n't he'p f'om dancin' ef yo' feet was boun'  
wif twine,  
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Do n't you know Miss Angelina? She's de da'lin' of de place.  
W'y, de ain't no high-toned lady wif sich manna's an' sich  
grace.  
She kin move across de cabin wif its planks all rough an' wo'  
Jes' de same 's ef she was dancin' on ol' Mistus' ball-room  
flo'—  
Fact is, you do' see no cabin,—evaht'ing you see look grand,  
An' dat one ol' squeaky fiddle soun' to you jes' lak a ban';  
Cotton britches looks lak broad-clof an' a linsey dress look  
fine,  
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Some folks says dat dancin's sinful, an' de blessed Lawd dey  
say,  
Gwine to purnish us fu' steppin' when we hyeah de music  
play.  
But I tell you, I do n' b'lieve it, fu' de Lawd is wise an' good,  
An' He made de banjo's metal an' He made de fiddle's wood,  
An' He made de music in dem, so I do n' quite t'ink He 'll  
keer  
Ef our feet keeps time a little to de melodies we hyeah.  
W'y dey's somef'n' downright holy in de way our faces shine,  
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

Angelina step so gentle, Angelina bow so low,  
An' she lif' huh sku't so dainty dat huh shoe-top skacely  
show;  
An' dem teef o' huh'n a-shinin', ez she tek you by de han'—  
Go 'way people, dain't anothah sich a lady in de lan'!  
When she 's movin' thoo de figgers er a-dancin' by huhse'f,  
Folks jes' stan stock-still a-sta'in', an' dey mos' nigh hol's  
dey bref;  
An' de young mens, dey's a-sayin', "I's gwine mek dat  
damsel mine,"  
When Angelina Johnson comes a-swingin' down de line.

PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR.





## A RUNAWAY MATCH

"SO the day is really fixed!" said Miriam, standing with her Julia, her one admiration, on the topmost step and prolonging good-bye. "Mamma says you've been whimsical about it. But why not? It isn't a show wedding, and if the bride can't be allowed to veer and tack all she wants—well, what's the use of being a bride?"

Julia was lifting her skirt a little with one firm hand, and preparing to descend, in the lovely, tentative way of well-poised women.

"Yes," said she, with a pleasant sort of smile, not in the least significant of an emotion beyond the commonplace, "the day is fixed. A week from tomorrow; or, as those blessed English say, Wednesday week."

Miriam, a younger woman, radiant in blonde hair and light-blue ribbons, detained her with an outstretched hand.

"I hope you'll be happy, dear," she said, impulsively. "I know you will."

Julia smiled again.

"Thank you, dear," she answered. "I shall—of course. Good-bye."

Midway down the steps the girl arrested her a second time, bending forward with a swift little motion.

"You're going to meet Fielding," she said, in a hasty, impressive whisper. "The author, you know. Stare at him." Then she turned about and went into the house.

Julia went on down the avenue with her swift, assured step, head in air and eyes front, to encounter the man who had been prophesied. He, too, was hurrying; but she did not, according to advice, stare at him and pass on. She stepped before him and held out her hand. There was mischief in her eyes; bravado, too. Fielding was a tall, well-made fellow with black hair rather iron-gray, dark moustache and violet-blue eyes. He took off his hat mechanically, and looked at her for an instant, puzzled, before touching her hand.

"Morning, Ben!" said she, saucily.

His face flashed all over like sudden sunshine.

"By all that's great!" cried he. "Julee!"

She looked at him in silence, and her eyes danced.

"Are you Julee Maynard?" he interrogated. "Are you?"

"Yes, if you are Ben Fielding."

"Do you know the taste of cold apple-pie from a dinner-pail?"

"Ay; and cheese in wedges."

"Did anybody ever tie your tail of hair to the chair-back?" He glanced at the little locks by her temple. They had a powdering of gray, and he faltered. But she was used to the gray; it had ceased to daunt her.

"Yes," said she, merrily, "and filled my waterproof hood with gravel. And drowned my doll. And put bewildering papers on my kitten's feet. And thou art the man. But we must part; we are obstructors of traffic."

He turned about with her.

"Where are you going?" he asked, peremptorily. "To the station. We live in Linden, thirty miles out."

"Do you take cabs, or cars and things?"

"No; I walk."

"I'll walk with you."

He did not ask whether he might. He knew. They swung off in time down the avenue, and several persons who knew Fielding looked at him curiously, his face was so alight. He seemed to have come on the recognition of great good-fortune.

"Now, tell me the whole story," he began, midway in the Garden. "Where did you move? That was about the time I ran away, and brought up at college."

"Out West. I did n't like it much. We tried to grow up with the town, and the town did n't grow. So we came home, and then went abroad. By that time, you were famous."

"Nonsense!" he said, with a frown. "I'm not famous now, and I've passed the line. I'm forty-two. There's no hope for me. Still, for a bound boy, naked of friends and cash, I've no cause to complain."

"At least you are known," said she, tentatively, with a pretty little lift of the brows, "and prosperous—and married!"

"I have some local significance," he amended.

"I can pay my bills—and I am married."

The last phrase, though she had herself evoked it, she subtly did not seem to hear.

"There was a great outcry in Latham Corners when you ran away," said she, reminiscently.

He laughed, with a boy's delight in turmoil, and pride at having caused it.

"Was there?" he asked. "Tell me about it."

They had penetrated the narrow streets leading to the station, and their progress became a continuous dodging of fruit-stands and loafing men. The snow was black down here; it had given way to necessity, and lost its look of miracle. The world hummed with life. All the way there had been keen little commonplaces filled into their talk; but afterwards they only remembered what had touched their intimate selves. They leaped from one life to the other, the inner and that about them, without preamble, like minds accustomed to trot in pairs.

"Well," said Julia, talking in detached phrases, while they picked their steps, meeting and parting at turnings of the way, "we missed you—or I did—that night, when you did n't come home with the cows. The Deacon got them himself at seven o'clock. Was n't he cross? Mad as hops!" She knew she was falling into the vernacular of their youth, and she liked it. When had she felt her head so light, her blood so quick and warm? Spring had come back, and the intangible fragrance of a homely world. A hundred forgotten sensations roused themselves within her, and dashed pell-mell into the current of life; the taste of frozen barberries, the smell of apples, the great dramatic stillness of a snowbound day at home. "The Deacon's jaw was set like a nut-cracker. He did n't tell until Sunday—you know that was

Thursday—and then everybody said you were 'treated bad,' and had made way with yourself."

They had entered the waiting-room.

"But you did n't," he demanded, turning upon her. "You knew."

"I did n't know," said she, soberly. "Not till years after. You put the note too far inside the cover, and I did n't find it till I had given up expecting it. Then my little niece got into the Third Reader, and wanted to use the book; so I tore off the cover. It was a hackneyed situation, but that's the way it was."

"Well!" said Fielding. "Well! you must have thought me a nice chum!"

Her brown eyes had softened almost with a hint of tears, but she laughed, though a little ruefully.

"I did think you were 'real mean,'" she owned.

"That was the way I should have put it then. This is my train. I have n't a minute to spare."

She put out her hand, but he did not receive it with the conventional grasp. He held her wrist lightly, to detain her. There was a keen light in his eyes.

"Julee," said he, "look at Track Nine! Do you see? There's a train in three minutes for the Corners. We could go down there together, look at the old place, walk through the grove, and get back to the Junction at five. You could take your train there, and I should be home in time for dinner."

Her face flushed, and lighted into a beauty he remembered. No one had had so vivid a look. He dwelt on that, and forgot, for an instant, what he had asked.

"I have a mileage," she said, irrelevantly, and he was recalled.

He released her wrist.

"Wait," he said. "Stand right here." In a moment he came striding back with tickets. The decision made, he had accepted it, and having all the ways of men, could dominate the moment with much outward calmness. They walked soberly into the car, and he seated her by the window.

"Did you care?" he asked, under the friendly cover of the starting train.

"Care?"

"Yes, when I went. When you thought I had gone without a word."

She turned and looked at him with a steady frankness.

"Oh, yes," she said. "I cared."

"Did you cry?"

"Lots, my grand inquisitor; rivulets and runnels."

"And you found the note afterwards?"

"Yes; the year after I 'did up' my hair."

"Do you remember what I said in it?"

There was a moment's silence until a brakeman passed by, and then she laughed again; this time with some pathos over a grief recalled. "You wrote 'Wife' with a capital!" said she. And they left the note for after-consideration.

"Are you ever going to marry?" he asked, finally, from an irrepressible curiosity.

"Oh, yes," said she, pointedly in her society manner; "next week."

"Next week? The devil!"

"Oh, no! a gentleman from California."

"How old is he?"

"Fifty-six."

"I knew it! Rich?"

"Yes, moderately, I believe."

"Professional?"

"No; raisins."

"And you're going there to live?"

"Yes, on Wednesday week."

"Then we'll take our carnival to-day!"

"Oh, yes," she concurred, with a beautiful innocence; "that is precisely why we can."

Conversation became a little stagnant after that. The gentleman from California seemed to have arrived, an invisible presence sitting bodkin between them. Fielding hated him. What the lady felt, she did not say. They talked of Fielding's work, his last book, his prospects of being sent to Russia or Japan. But it was a little too much like afternoon tea, and their spirits drooped. Still, Fielding blamed no one but the gentleman from California, and ground his teeth. He was used to getting what he wanted; only it sometimes happened that he did not know what he really wanted until it was too late. By and by the train drew up at a bleak little station in an arid plain of snowy fields—Latham Corners.

"By Jove!" cried Fielding, with a sudden access of life; "there's Rufus Gill!"

"No!" She had risen, but she stopped at the next window, for a glance. "It can't be."

"It is!"

They descended, and a lank fellow with red hair cropped close and shrewd blue eyes came forward as if to meet them. He wore a buffalo coat, mangy in many places, and even that did not ensure him from the cold. A knit comforter, made of hues bravely primary, was wound about his throat. Fielding bore himself gaily. All the irresponsible excitement of the situation had come back to him.

"How are you, Rufe?" inquired he, jovially. "Give us your fist!"

But the youth was gathering milk-cans with a practiced hand.

"I guess you're off there," said he. "That ain't my name."

"Ain't you Rufe Gill?" Fielding made the concession of his verb to place and time.

The other straightened himself.

"Well, no," said he; "I ain't. But father is."

The two chums looked at each other blankly. Then they broke into laughter.

"We're older than we thought," said she.

"Or younger," amended Fielding. "We're minors compared with the son of Rufe. Come!"

They joined hands, and took the snowy road at a run. Meantime, Gill the younger had come to a realizing sense that this was not the manner of people who, even in summer, alighted at Latham Corners. His hand was on the horse's blanket, and he paused in the act of drawing it off.

"Ride!" he called after them, and Fielding returned boisterously:

"No, much obliged! Can't stop."

Then the two, breathless, paused in the shadow of the great pines where the snow only sifted and



never lodged; they gazed about them in pure delight.

"My God!" said Fielding, and he did not say it irreverently, "to be back here after all!"

"It was not so far from town," she whispered, after a pause. "You could have come any time."

"No, I could n't; not alone."

They looked and listened as if they were drinking in life and love and youth. The shadows under the trees were miraculously green, translated from the blue of common days. Two or three little soft birds went whirring by. Brown twigs were tracing lovely lines above the snow. Just inside the grove, they knew Clintonia would bloom next year; there, too, would hang the pink pocket of the lady's slipper. A thousand crowding memories held them silent.

"You must n't be cold," he said, turning to her at last, with his old-time kindliness. It seemed very warm and sweet, enkindled after many years. "Kilt up your petticoats, Missy! You can walk better so."

"Yes, I will," she returned, simply, obeying him as she always had, save when they fought like fierce-clawed animals. "I can take the ribbon off my muff."

It was quite natural to walk along, hand in hand. They had a past, and they had found a present; but there was no future coming—not even Wednesday week nor Fielding's tête-à-tête dinner with his wife. No one was in the snowy road that day. The ruts had been worn smooth and polished by broad runners, for this was "sleddin' time," and a wholesome hour for hauling ice. There was evidence of bygone work, but no present sign of its warmth and motion. They had found an island where other castaways had lived and left their traces, but which now lay open to no eye save heaven's. The sky was clearest blue; it burned in its coldness as the sky of August burns from heat. Fielding looked up at it passionately. He had complained lately that his eyes troubled him a little, from the weakness of overwork; but he thought of that no more. Light was grateful to him; he seemed to himself to be expanding to take it in. The world was very still, too. Fresh from the city as they were, it was a blessedness of some new, rare sort. All the ideals that belong to a crowded life fell away; all its necessities, too. The clamor of the distance seemed very poor and thin, as it pierced their solitude in a moment of recollection; but soon it came no more. Fielding's thoughts were tumultuous, so that they almost excluded the woman at his side. Thus runs the true marriage, according to the male conception of things. His mind roves abroad, but only happily so long as he feels the warm hand soft in his, the faithful step at his side.

Julia walked evenly and well. At a turn in the pine-fringed road, she stopped and looked at him.

"You know what you're going to see," said she, breathlessly, "the minute we get round this corner!"

"Of course; the old elm—then the schoolhouse chimney."

"Yes; and Pignut Hill."

"Suppose they've moved the schoolhouse, or painted it white!"

"Oh, they would n't! That is n't in the nature of things. Come, let's run, and have it over."

They dashed round the corner, and Julia stumbled into a flurry of snow. He caught her; but neither of them cared, though her boots were caked and her petticoats whitened. The schoolhouse was safe. They stood looking at it as if it had been a temple, a pathetic fondness in their eyes.

"Do you want to go in?" he asked.

"No," she demurred, slowly. "At first I thought I did, but I guess not. There would n't be the same maps on the board."

Fielding's eyes had been roving.

"By George!" he said, "do you see that? by the corner of the platform?"

Julia shrank a little. For the moment she felt as if the wraith of his old tyrant might have come to reclaim him.

"Do you see it? Do you?" he insisted. "It's the nose of a double-runner. Do n't you remember how we used to leave 'em here when we'd got tired of coasting, and cut across to the pond to skate? Come on! I'll drag you up the hill." He left her, and ran forward to pilfer their steed—named Victory. "Significant!" he remarked, pointing to the blue letters on their red ground.

"I have seen and conquered. I am the man. Get on, and I'll take you up hill."

She looked at him saucily.

"Not I," she said. "I'm as strong as you. I go to gymnasium."

Then he entreated.

"Oh, Julee, please! You used to."

So Julia sat meekly down, and he lowered his head and made a dash for the hill. He reached the top, breathless. He had not been to gymnasium, and he was stouter than in the days of round jackets. But his old cunning had not forsaken him. He could steer a double-runner. They whizzed down like Icarus, with no after-tragedy; and when they slowed at the bottom, Julia only got up while he turned the sled, and then took her sovereign place again. She thought, with a half mirthful, half pathetic smile all to herself, how stiff he would be to-morrow, how subject to matrimonial oil and red flannel; but she did not care. The necessity of the time was her excuse. Over and over they took the hill, up and down, till their faces tingled and they stamped their aching feet. It was Julia who remembered the clock.

"Our train goes at five," said she, falteringly. "It's 'after dark.'"

Fielding did not answer, but he drew the sled back to its shelter under the wall. Julia stepped back as he left it, to brush a little snow from the cushioned top. She felt as if Fair Ellen might reasonably have kept an affection for Lochinvar's horse. They went away, soberly and slow. Their spirits had sunk with the sun.

"I suppose we could n't just turn into the cross-road, and look at the horse-sheds?" he said. "I do n't care much about the meeting-house, but the



third shed was where we ate supper that day, you know, when we tried to run away together."

She shook her head.

"Nor down the carpath to the Broad Meadow! That's where I set my traps till you made me promise not to."

She laughed, a little sadly.

"You did promise," said she. "But—play it's Judgment Day—did you keep it?"

His quizzical look came back; this was the one usually evoked by his after-dinner stories.

"Well," said he, evasively, "I did n't set them any more there."

They waited at the station, where, for a time, they were all alone. There was very little left to say. If old recollection had come thronging back upon them, they might have exchanged a hundred antiphonal "do-you-remember." But it was not so much that they recalled a past existence as that they were thrown back into it, and welded there so strongly that it seemed now the condition of life itself. Once he turned upon her with the savageness of forbidden moods.

"Are you really going to be married?" he asked, and the tone held a note of command. She raised her pretty brows a shade.

"Oh, yes," she answered, with a little remoteness; "I told you so."

"Next week?"

"Yes; as Rufe used to say, 'This very next Wednesday that ever was.'"

"Are you going to be happy?"

She wondered what would be the counter-effect of changing the question into another tense, and inquiring, "Are you happy?" but she only answered, still with the same air of elusive reserve: "Oh, we must n't get into abstractions! In a moment you'd be asking me what happiness is; and what could I say then? We might end with metaphysics and the Mediæval schoolmen."

He frowned. He never liked to be rebuffed, and his little friend had not been used to chaff him. The train drew slowly in, and Julia went springily up the steps and into the kerosene-flavored atmosphere. The color was still in her cheeks. Her eyes shone, not only from past delight and exhilaration, but perhaps an anticipated joy. Fielding bent over and asked irrelevantly:

"When shall you see him?"

"Who?"

"The raisin man?"

"To-night," she answered, with a little beat in her voice. "At seven-thirty."

"This very night?"

"That ever was."

"Shall you tell him?"

"What?"

"How we ran away!"

Julia turned about, and looked him full in the face. Mischief shone and bubbled in hers.

"What a lot of questions you do ask!" she remarked. "You are a Lesser Catechism."

"But shall you?"

"Ah! that's no fair." And he knew she was right.

When their train stopped at the Junction, Field-

ing not only handed her out, but, with one backward thought of his waiting dinner and his warming slippers, looked across the platform to the track where her car stood waiting. If he went home with her he could get into the city at nine; but he thought of the raisin man, and forbore. His foot was on the lower step. Their hands met.

"Goodbye!" said she. But he did not answer. At that instant he was conscious only of moving away from her against his will, and yet sadly and strangely with it. Julia was withdrawing her hand; but suddenly, as if by an overwhelming impulse, she grasped his closer, and began to run a little with the starting train.

"O Ben," she said, breathlessly; "there's something I must tell you!"

"Yes! yes!"

"It is n't the raisins!"

Their grasp broke, and the train took him away.

ALICE BROWN.

## THE STORY OF A PLAY

### DIVORÇONS

BY

VICTORIEN SARDOU

IT seems odd that this comedy should be so unfamiliar to our audiences. Among the large number of people who gathered at the Fifth Avenue Theater on the first night of its recent presentation by Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, there were very few who had seen it before. Fifteen years or so ago Alice Dunning Lingard took the piece through the country. But who among the younger generation remembers Alice Dunning Lingard? Several foreign artists have presented the play here, among them Agnes Sorma, who, during the past season, gave it a few performances; but, so far as our American theater-goers were concerned, she might as well have been appearing in Berlin or in Vienna. To all intents and purposes, the recent first night had all the éclat of a new production.

Mrs. Fiske has at last proven beyond a doubt that the public accepts her permanently. It established her, however, as an actress of intensely serious and emotional rôles. So it was particularly interesting to see what she would do with so light a character as Cyprienne.

When the curtain rose I felt myself in Paris. The scene could hardly have been improved; it had atmosphere and chic.

But that maid who held the center of the stage! Why is it that our actors butcher French so horribly, and, as a rule, fail so dismally in trying to reproduce French character? It is only one American actor in a thousand, for example, who can pronounce correctly the word *monsieur*, which in a French play occurs, of course, again and again. The maid in this instance brought us straight back to New York, and during her conversation with the inevitable *garçon*, her fellow-servant, it became plain that we should have to take a good deal of the French local color on faith.



MRS. FISKE AS CYPRIENNE

The conversation itself, however, struck the note of the play. From it we learned that Madame Cyprienne des Prunelles spent a large part of her time in the perusal of law books dealing with divorce. At once our suspicion was aroused, and it was confirmed on the appearance of Cyprienne's husband, Henri, accompanied by his friend, Clavignac. According to Henri, there was reason for Cyprienne's interest in the divorce laws. For several months she had been flirting with Adhémar Gratignan, a worthless fop, who had fascinated her with his gallantries. Henri, like the man of the world that he was, took the matter very coolly. But, of course, he must let the fellow know that he didn't propose to endure any more nonsense. So he had devised a nice little trick to catch him. For the sake of being near Cyprienne, he explained to Clavignac, Adhémar had taken a room in the opposite house, and had fallen into the habit of coming in by the door leading from the garden. The next time he opened that door he would find himself trapped! Just wait and see.

Then Henri, in order to give Cyprienne the impression that the coast was clear, announced loudly that he would go out with his friend. Instead of leaving, however, the two conspirators tiptoed into the next room and watched. A moment later Cyprienne herself appeared, drew down the window shade, and waited for a response to this

signal. Presently the door was quickly opened, and a loud ringing of a bell followed.

Henri's electrical device had proved a great success!

When Henri himself confronted the lovers, he spoke more in triumph than in anger. He was so much older and wiser than his wife that he found it hard to treat seriously even her flirtation with another man. Besides, long before marriage he had learned something about the ways to manage a woman.

Instead of railing at Cyprienne and kicking her adorer out of the house, he proposed that they all sit down together and take a serious view of the situation. He treated the lovers as if he were a kind father soothing his children. Cyprienne, it was plain, had grown tired of him and preferred a man nearer her own age, who in turn was devoted to her. Very well, then. There was only one thing to be done. He would let her get a divorce and marry Adhémar. This would be a pleasant arrangement for Adhémar, who was poor, for Cyprienne would bring him a very good income. But for Cyprienne herself it would be a little trying, inasmuch as she was used to spending about three times her income. However, there would be compensations for Cyprienne in the happiness of her new marriage; and as the curtain fell at the close of the first act it seemed strange that the little woman should not express more elation at the prospect.

At the beginning of the second act, however, Cyprienne appeared to be in far better spirits. The future looked very rosy, and now that a perfect understanding had been established between her husband and herself, she felt much more at ease with him. What a relief it was to talk friendly with him about her affair with Adhémar. She liked him so much for his generosity to them both that she sat on his knee and rested her arms affectionately on his shoulders. To his questions about the flirtation she replied with perfect openness. How long had it been going on? Three months? Oh, no; just four! And had she ever made an appointment with him? Never! But he had kissed her, of course? Oh, yes, several times. Once on the neck, once on the arm. And he had written such delightful letters! Henri expressed a desire to look, and a whole drawerful was placed in his lap. What an idyl! He could not help being touched by the charm of it. Indeed, they both enjoyed talking about it so much that they could not conceal a sign of irritation when Adhémar entered and found them in attitudes of affection.

Henri excused himself naturally, and Adhémar very kindly allowed him to continue his endearments, which were, of course, wholly paternal. In return for this nobility of treatment, Henri invited Adhémar to stay for dinner. Cyprienne clapped her hands for joy! A betrothal dinner à trois! How delightful! But as soon as Adhémar had disappeared for a time, Henri announced that he should not be able to be present at the dinner; he had invited Adhémar simply for Cyprienne's sake.



This was a blow to Cyprienne. Why couldn't he stay? There was no reason.

Yes, there was a reason, Henri explained. He was going to dine at Dagneau's.

With a woman, of course! Cyprienne's eyes flashed. With that horrible Madame de Brionne. There was no doubt about it! A fine trick to be played on her by a woman who pretended to be her friend. Henri laughed and parried, declaring at last that he was not going to dine with Madame de Brionne.

Then Cyprienne knew it was some other woman. Was she young? Was she pretty? What was her complexion? What color hair? Oh, it was unbearable that Henri should treat her so. She—she was almost tempted to go and dine with him herself! What an idea! She would, she would go! Away she flew for her hat and gloves, and the last we saw of her was as she made her escape from the house on Henri's arm, laughing with childlike delight at the adventure.

Poor Adhémar! Think of his feelings when he presented himself for that little dinner party!

While he was wondering disconsolately what Cyprienne's desertion of him really signified, Henri was ordering dinner in a cabinet particulier at Dagneau's, turning occasionally to consult his wife and ignoring the suggestions of the voluble Italian waiter.

You should have seen that waiter, by the way.

He talked like a blue streak, he bowed, he ogled, he darted from one end of the room to the other, he ordered his minions about as if they were his slaves. Sardou had created in the part a great opportunity for character-work, and every actor who gets it must bless him. It isn't long, but it's very, very "fat," just the kind of part a young actor makes his first hit with.

While the little waiter was arranging the table, a card came up for Henri. Adhémar knew that he was to dine at the restaurant, and had pursued him for news of Cyprienne.

As he stood at the door there was nothing for Cyprienne to do but to hide behind the screen, while Henri received him.

Of course, Henri had n't the remotest idea where Cyprienne was to be found. The servant had said she had gone to see her aunt who was ill, and Adhémar, on reaching the place, learned that the aunt had been dead four months. What a ridiculous blunder! It was the other aunt, of course, and she lived at the opposite end of Paris.

Adhémar was disgusted. He wanted to know, as a friend, if Henri believed in that story about the aunt. Had Cyprienne ever worked the sick aunt business before? Was she—ah, did she mind telling a little fib now and then? Well, he'd go to that other aunt's house, anyway, though it was pouring rain, and it was n't possible to get a cab in Paris.

When he disappeared, Cyprienne emerged from behind the screen and had a few caustic comments to make. How sensitive the most mendacious of women are about being accused of fibbing!

The husband and wife sat down to dinner, and Henri became very loquacious and philosophical,

and the Italian waiter flew around him, ordering here and ordering there.

Such brisk service I have never seen in Paris or anywhere else. Where do you suppose Sardou got his idea for that waiter?

Suddenly the diners were violently disturbed. A "gentleman" insisted upon breaking into the cabinet. There were calls for a gendarme, and in a jiffy the room was full of soldiers and waiters, all clamoring and running about in most approved comic opera style.

The commissary of police, attracted by the trouble, mistook Adhémar for a jealous and wronged husband, and ordered Henri's arrest. After a time, of course, explanations were offered and accepted, but not until Cyprienne had been forever cured of her infatuation, and had learned to appreciate the blessing of a level-headed husband.

On the whole, *Divorçons* wears very well, and if it were the work of Sardou in 1898, it would be received as a most diverting comedy executed in the modern manner. Only French actors, perhaps, could save the last scene of the last act from seeming utterly forced and preposterous, but even they could not hide the fact that there Sardou descended into gross farce.

As for the performance, as I have already intimated, it was not French for a moment. Mr. de Belleville came nearest to suggesting the Gallic temperament. Mrs. Fiske was even farther away from the real Cyprienne than the very Teutonic Sorma. She brought to it a serious face and a manner absolutely lacking in finesse. Her reading of the lines had at times wonderful subtlety. But she is temperamentally unsuited to the rôle. W.

## NEWS

**S**WIFT runners, through the Mahdi's land,  
Dart tirelessly to bear the word  
When first the hot Egyptian sand  
By some mysterious foe is blurred.

Through listless tropic jungles speed  
Dark men, alert, intent, and keen,  
Who bid their scattered tribesmen heed  
Some startling portent they have seen.

Lithe island messengers ply deep  
Their paddles in the southern sea,  
When first on dim horizons creep  
Strange, masted things of mystery.

Slow rousing from his night of days,  
The Eskimo awakes, reborn,  
Hearing first time, in awed amaze,  
A gun salute the Arctic morn.

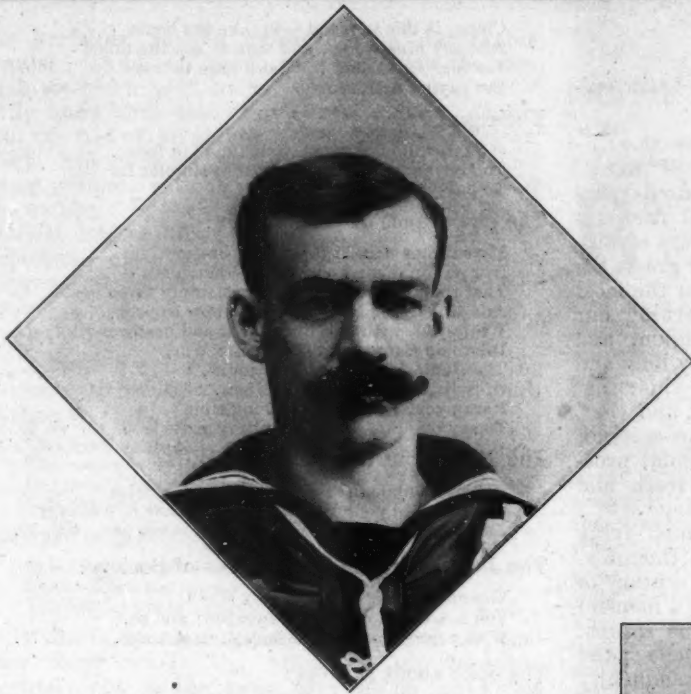
O'er desert sand and 'neath the sea  
The lightning's instant message goes,  
To tell the whole world speedily  
What now some lonely village knows.

We scan the path outside the door  
By day and night with eager eyes,  
And only things unknown before  
Can yield the charm of fresh surprise.

The gossip of the world flies fast,  
The idlest rumors far are blown,  
And swiftly gathered to the past  
Are all the deeds an hour has known.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON.





GEORGE CHARETTE



OSBORN DEIGNAN



CAPTAIN C. V. GRIDLEY



JOSEPH W. POWELL

## THE UNDYING JOKE

**E**IGHTEEN hundred years ago a Latin epigrammatist wrote these lines:

Diaulus, once a leech, is now, forsooth,  
An undertaker: changing not his trade.

Probably the joke was eighteen hundred years old then, and was received, when Martial uttered it in this particular form, with that mixture of outward tolerance and secret joy which still greets the familiar witticism. Is it that we are, for the most part, timorous and conservative concerning our jokes as we are concerning our religion, and enjoy those most which are sanctioned by long and respectable usage? Or, is the real fact this: that there are only a few jokes in existence, and that, under varying forms,—befitting each the spirit of its particular age,—they, like other mental processes, repeat themselves indefinitely,—fresh and young in garb only: in existence old, primeval?

An old volume of Martial's Epigrams, lying open before me, has suggested these thoughts. Martial lived at Rome during the first century of the Christian era, yet, if we consider for a moment the subject-matter of some of his famous satires, we shall find some strangely familiar themes, and some, even, which we are wont to consider eminently recent and up-to-date. Indeed, the poet speaks of himself and his work in a manner that seems very modern, and yet is very ancient among writers of social satire. He does not assume the air of inspired prophecy; he indulges in no illusions as to his work. Of his first book he says:

Some of the epigrams which here you read  
Are good, and some so-so, and some  
Are really very bad; a book, my friend,  
Cannot be made in any other way.

This frank and humorous statement is characteristic of Martial's mind, and the same cheerful cynicism and sense of the ridiculous are what constitute the force of his Epigrams.

Coming to Rome as a young man from his birthplace in Spain, he spent most of his life in the Imperial City at a period between the reigns of Nero and Trojan, chiefly remarkable for luxury and vice. Never was there a time when a satirist might find more work ready to his hand—work that deserved stern denunciation or unlimited censure. But Martial chooses rather to rebuke these follies by ridiculing them.

The similarity between some of his lighter fancies and those of our own nineteenth century thought is extraordinary. Human nature arrayed in a toga was evidently very like that of to-day attired in the newest London fashions; and the Roman Joke differed little from its American descendant. Note the familiar Joke about Rich Wives:

Gemellus seeks the rich but aged hand  
Of Maronilla, and lays earnest siege;  
Wooes and beseeches her with many a gift;  
Is she so beautiful?—No, not at all.  
What, then, attracts him?—What, indeed, but this,—  
Her mortal cough? i. 10.

The Jokes about Lawyers; their loquacity:

Cinna, is this to plead,—to take ten hours  
And say nine words, and then to ask the Court  
For four extensions? What a time to take  
For saying nothing. viii. 7.

Their greed:

O Sextus, do not waste your funds in fees  
To lawyer and to judge; 't were simpler far  
To pay your creditor. ii. 13.

The irrelevance of pettifoggers:

My suit has naught to do with battery,  
Nor poison dire; I simply here complain  
That this, my neighbor, has stolen my three goats:  
And this the judge expects me now to prove.  
While you, with swelling words and gestures wild,  
Dilate on Cannæ and the Pontic War,  
The Punic faith of Carthaginians,  
Of Sylla, Marius, and the Mucii.  
I pray you, Postumus, is it not time  
To say one little word about my goats? vi. 19.

The Joke about Unpaid Tailor Bills:

Bassus has bought a Tyrian cloak, the price  
One hundred pounds; and yet, we know it's cheap;  
And why? Because we know he'll never pay. viii. 10.

The Joke about the Insincerities of Society:

You ask me, Nasica, but only when  
You know I'm otherwise engaged; and so,  
With your permission, I shall dine at home. ii. 79.

The Joke about Doctors:

Bath'd, supp'd, in glee Andragoras went to bed  
Last night, but in the morning was found dead:  
Would'st know, Faustinus, what was his disease?  
He, dreaming, saw the quack, Hermocrates. vi. 53.

The Joke about Widows:

The shameless Chloe on the stately tomb  
Which held her seven husbands wrote these lines:  
"The work of Chloe, who has placed this here."  
How could she state the facts in plainer words? ix. 15.

The Joke about False Hair:

The golden hair that Galla wears  
Is hers; who would have thought it?  
She swears 'tis hers, and true she swears,  
For I know where she bought it. vi. 12.

And here is evidently the forerunner of the Joke about Messenger Boys:

Eutrapelus, the barber, works so slow,  
That while he shaves, the beard anew doth grow. vii. 83.

As for the Joke about Shopping, Martial arrayed it in most captivating guise.

In the 59th Epigram of the 9th Book, Mamurra plays the part of him who shops *con amore*. (To-day it would be Her;—but this is the Age of Woman.) He inspects beautiful slaves and ivory carvings. He measures a couch inlaid with tortoise shell, and regrets that it is not large enough to fit his dining-table of citron wood. He tests some bronzes by the sense of smell to discover whether they have the true Corinthian aroma. He weighs a number of antique bowls and criticises a collection of emeralds. At last, worn out by fatigue, at the eleventh hour he buys two cups for a penny, and carefully carries them home.

The good brother of our day and generation who had occasion, in meeting, to read a discourse written by a fellow-clergyman, and at the end of

his prefatory prayer uttered these remarkable words: "And, O, Lord, may we enjoy the sermon as much as if we had written it ourselves!" little knew that the fact he so naively admitted, the fact of an author's admiration of his own work, had been recognized almost two thousand years before with a cynicism characteristic of the author. In the 52d Epigram of the 11th Book, Martial invites Julius Cerealis to dinner, and after promising his guest many dainties, offers him a supreme attraction:

I shall recite no verses unto you,  
While you shall license have to read your own.

As for the well-known lines written during the seventeenth century concerning Dr. John Fell, Bishop of Oxford:

I do not love thee, Doctor Fell,  
The reason why I cannot tell;  
But this, I'm sure I know full well,  
I do not love thee, Doctor Fell.

they are only an imitation of the Roman poet:

Sabidius, I do not love thee; yet  
I cannot tell the reason why,—  
I do not love thee; more I cannot say.

i. 32.

In the millennium, perchance, we shall see that new thing which the Athenians so earnestly desired; but in the mean time let us thank the kindly provision of nature which enables each generation to enjoy the same jokes as it does the same games; that as, in all ages, small boys will find their happiness in kites and marbles, so we, children of a larger growth, shall continue to enjoy the old story, just because it is old, and to relish, with unswerving fidelity, the Ancient Joke.

B. H. HOWE.

### A PASTEL

**C**HILD or woman as you please,  
Gravely young or gaily old,  
Muse to fire and minx to tease,  
Loving, yet how pure and cold!

Diana with a color-box,  
Scorning all the sex of man,  
Sweetly-glancing Paradox,  
Angel and Bohemian.

Wild bird caged in city grim,  
Drooping sans the fevered streets;  
Head of logic, heart of whim,  
Strong-willed, weak-willed, colds and heats.

Box of melodies at strife,  
Pagan, Christian, humble, vain,  
Craving death—and fuller life;  
Paris—or Siena's fane.

Purse-forgetting business-man,  
Counting gain on fingers slim,  
Socialist the world to scan  
Through the tears that doubly dim.

Rosy revolutionist,  
Preaching loud the reign of Peace,  
While her pretty lips unkist,  
Wars of man and man increase.

Raise me from the arid dust,  
Kindle faiths and dreams foregone,  
Shining eyes of love and trust,  
Breast to rest a life upon.

I. ZANGWILL.

### CORRESPONDENCE

#### CHAP-BOOK REVIEWING AND SPANISH COLONIAL METHODS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CHAP-BOOK:

**B**EGGING a gentle reviewer's pardon, I did not compare the presidency of Diaz to our election of Tecumseh. Not being purposely imbecile, I could not. Diaz is not an Indian. Tecumseh was one. Any one remotely familiar with even the modern history of Mexico knows to whom my comparison refers, and it will stand. Meantime, we have not even elected one of the proud but blanched "descendants of Pocahontas." And we never will.

It is always easy to identify a critic who has never traveled Spanish-America, never read one original "source" of its history, never read even the wonderful Laws of the Indies. He is the man who believes that the Spanish have exterminated their Indians. And herein lies his cousinship to the "philosophical historian" of his admiration. I know that philosophy well. It is the genius which knows without learning, which dares the wilds of an armchair, which deliberately prefers the hearsay of second-hand books to a study of God's own MSS. For accuracy it substitutes a judicial accent. Except real knowledge, it fears nothing so much as a generous emotion. "Philosophy" once meant love of wisdom; now it means love of looking wise.

A most philosophical historian, truly, he who assumes to understand Spanish-America without seeing its greatest problem—that the Spanish, instead of destroying the Indian, made him a citizen and kept him so. The Indian has everywhere in the colonies far outnumbered the Iberian. He does so still. And that is what is the matter with those republics. Even our zeal in importing ignorant and lawless immigrants to replace the aborigines we have exterminated—ninety-five per cent of them—has not brought us to so sorry a pass.

The Spanish colonial methods were and are bad, not so much because they were Spanish as because they were colonial. But the administration toward the aborigines was so honorable that only those who have never seriously studied it fail to respect it. And the schools, hospitals, asylums, and other public benefices for Indians in Spanish-America are purely Spanish, and not in any case republican. Every one knows that who knows even the date of their founding.

My book on Mexico was not written to tell my countrymen what they ought to do. They know better than I. If they do not, any man in an easy chair can tell them. My only object was to point them to the truth about another country, and that I have done. And it is not newspaper education. We have declared war on Spain, but it does not follow that we must declare war on history.

CHAS. F. LUMMIS.





## REVIEWS

## OUR FIRST COLONY

THROUGH THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS.—By Harry De Windt, F.R.G.S. 8vo. Harper & Brothers. \$2.50.

ALASKA: ITS HISTORY, CLIMATE, AND NATURAL RESOURCES. By the Honorable A. P. Swineford, Ex-Governor of Alaska. 12mo. Rand, McNally & Co. \$1.50.

IT remains to write a good book about Alaska. Mr. Harry De Windt has been over the Chilkoot Pass and down the Yukon river. He has learned that mosquitoes, like degrees of latitude, grow larger as they near the pole. He has read, evidently with some care, the published observations of his friend, Mr. William O'Gilvie, surveyor to the Dominion of Canada. He has talked with many of the men who, later, "struck it rich" in the Klondike. These are his qualifications for writing a book in which, perforce, the things he knows at first hand are of trifling importance beside those he is compelled to re-hash. It shows a character of considerable determination to write a book about a gold field which one has traversed without knowing there was any gold there; but if Mr. De Windt had not been a man of determination he would never have surmounted the Chilkoot Pass, as he himself admits.

The book is not lacking in interest. It was printed, judging from the date of the preface, late in 1897. It prophesies dreadful sufferings for many of those obliged to winter in the gold fields, presumably with insufficient food. In this, happily enough, Mr. De Windt is mistaken. It also contains a mild attack upon the United States for refusing to settle the boundary question in accordance with the figures prepared by the Dominion of Canada. Happily, again, and with great good nature, Canada has now settled the dispute according to the figures prepared by the United States. For thus removing at a troublous time a dispute which might readily have become exacerbated, like other family quarrels, the Dominion has hardly been thanked enough—it is an international evidence of friendliness which outweighs a number of recent and unpleasant happenings.

Yet these matters, and others similar, do not lead to any profound respect for Mr. De Windt's judgment. He is safer when he quotes Mr. O'Gilvie, even though the latter estimates that Bonanza creek alone is on the way towards yielding \$600,000,000 of gold. When it is remembered that this is only a creek, that the rivers are rich, and that there is the most surprising amount of quartz running from \$20 to \$3,000 a ton, the possibilities are enormous. The silver question, all there is left of it, may be settling itself, once this latest El Dorado is thrown open to the world.

Mr. A. P. Swineford, formerly governor of the territory, avoids all the errors and omissions of Mr. De Windt in his account of the "History, Climate, and Natural Resources of Alaska." He draws some surprising pictures of this most northerly of our possessions. For example, it covers more degrees of latitude than the United States from

Florida to Maine, and exceeds in area the entire territory of the country east of the Mississippi river! Far from being a bleak and frozen region, as Mr. De Windt seems persuaded in spite of summer mosquitoes, its more southerly regions are warmed by the Pacific gulf stream, until they possess a damp, rainy climate not dissimilar from England's. The land is arable in great stretches of territory, and capable of supporting an enormous population. To some such future as this Mr. Swineford is looking, regarding the mineral resources of Alaska as of little more value than the agricultural. He pictures a prosperous and self-contained state where we think only of eternal snow.

For this book, also, Mr. George Kostrometinoff has prepared an account of the discovery and occupancy of Alaska by the Russians. There appears the usual pitiful tale of hideous sufferings inflicted upon the aborigines. Just as the two races were beginning to comprehend one another, the country was sold to the United States, and sufferings ten times worse than before were inflicted upon the natives. The territory was in the hands of a monopoly—as soulless as Blackstone asserted all corporations to be, and as wholly without scruple as willing employés and complaisant employers can make it. While Governor Swineford has no kindness in his heart towards these gentry, who were the real cause of the purchase, he is eager to vindicate the memory of Secretary Seward from knowledge of their designs. Some of the chapters relating to the monopoly afford melancholy reading to the man who venerates America as a land of the free.

Despite these various excellencies, the book does not fit the time. We learn of coal and copper when we are looking for gold. Could the learning and acumen of Governor Swineford be combined with the knowledge at first hand of the actual Klondike region, which is in British Columbia for the most part, which Mr. De Windt does not possess, a very good book might result.

One thing in particular seems to escape detailed attention—the question of mining on the seaboard. We learn that the largest quartz-crushers in the world are there, but nothing further. It is a certainty that millions are taken out annually by a simple operation, made possible by the proximity to the sea. Mr. De Windt's book is provided with an index, which it hardly needs. Governor Swineford's has none, and it needs one every hour. We suppose that even in war times the Klondike will not be entirely forgotten. An authoritative book on the country remains to be written.

## JACK OF ALL TRADES

CALEB WEST, MASTER DIVER.—By Frank Hopkinson Smith. 12mo. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MR. HOPKINSON SMITH'S serial, now appearing as a spring novel, lacks nothing but a good billboard to make it ready-to-be-acted melodrama, to follow *The Streets of New York*, or *The Two Orphans*.

The master diver, always accompanied with the

sign facial of a big, fuzzy beard, is cast as the unappreciated, elderly, but magnificently tender husband of the erring girl-wife; Bill Lacey, the handsomest of the diving crew, as a suffering and hypnotic Lothario; while Captain Joe and Auntie Bell act as chorus to rub things well in on the moral and humanitarian side. The government agent for the inspection of lighthouses comes in as a general scapegoat and understudy for the foiled villain.

The usual secondary love drama is supplied by the young lighthouse engineer from the city of New York, and his ethical subjugation by the kind of rare grass widow whose eternal femininity leads a man up, as according to Goethe, instead of on, according to custom.

The story begins strongly, and promises to enlarge the heart with the enlargement of knowledge of the simplicity and bravery of those who literally go down to the sea. The chapters relating to the laying of the enrockment blocks of the lighthouse on Shark's Ledge by Caleb and his men have all the directness and charm of affection and entire understanding, the combined touch of painter and expert.

Not every man has Stevenson's wisdom in letting the women alone. With the advent of the girl-wife and her sorrows the book becomes mawkish and runs in a facile descent to a mush of sentimentality probably far removed in truth from sane and wholesome seafaring people.

The characters are all dressed from the stock in the green-room, and the colors are muddy from usage. There is only a trace here and there of the delicate choice and suffused warmth of color which marked Mr. Smith's briefer and earlier work; while in that presentment of character which made Colonel Carter dear and possible, there is the only shadowy and absurd Major Slocumb of Maryland, even so the most lovable and viable of them all.

Possibly the most salient virtue of a real swell is that he does not know that he is it. Too much protest as to "cucumbers smothered in crushed ice" served to the young man who attends small dinners "immaculate in white tie and high collar," and counts among the chief of the articles of vertu in his apartments an "umbrella lamp of sealing wax red," sets them down as reckless luxuries of the highest form. Mr. Smith is almost as afraid as Mr. Harding Davis that one shall not know the exceeding "au faitness" of his high-lifers, and naturally ends by making one doubt the authenticity of his information.

If anybody should know the sort of inspectors the United States employs, it is one who has worked with them. But the episode of Carleton has nevertheless something of the uncertainly picturesque about it. Unless this is one of the spots where the civil service does not serve, it would seem to the simple citizen rather hard to get a man appointed who did not know one end of his transit telescope from the other. Perhaps, however, truth is maintained in desirable balance by the white light of purity and wisdom shining as an aureole about the head of the official of the officials.

Travelers who followed a white umbrella into

Mexico, believing, returned therefrom scoffing and saying that the bits therein so fascinatingly described were nowhere to be found; some of Mr. Smith's brothers of the water-color craft say also that his adorable marines are mostly blue sketch paper and a striped pole; members of the labor movement state that the knowledge of their organization, habits, and actions is but very imperfectly shown forth in the victories of big Tom Grogan.

The author of all these productions is, by his own biography, master of three arts. It is therefore only courteous and also perfectly psychological to suggest that while following any one of them, he may be somewhat distracted by the others. It is notoriously unfair to expect a man to see truth on three sides, when for most of the world it has at best only two.

In Caleb West, Mr. Smith has at least shown himself a perfectly plausible engineer.

#### WHEN STOCKTON IS NOT STOCKTON

THE GIRL AT COBHURST.—By Frank R. Stockton. 12mo. Chas. Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.

**G**IVEN a handsome, brown-eyed, broad-shouldered young man at Cobhurst, of the kind that look especially sweet while haying and harvesting, there must naturally, sooner or later, be a girl there also.

The plotting and counterplotting of the two candidates and their backers toward this inevitable end, forms what basis there is to Mr. Stockton's latest and most innocuous tale.

There is the usual complement of simple and lovable middle-class villagers, among whom this writer loves so well to move, with his quick and whimsical sympathies. But this time he does not seem to have wholly succeeded with that half-focus of oddity and reality which constitutes the entirety of his peculiar fascination.

Not that the people about Cobhurst are dull or commonplace, but that they neither act, think, nor talk Stocktonese. They are barely more fanciful than a kindergarten, whereas one has been taught by long and brilliant precedent to expect much more in that line.

A recent photograph of Mr. Stockton shows him gazing somewhat less severely than usual, out of a rather expensive window upon an early spring landscape of great luxuriance. The Girl at Cobhurst might well have been dictated upon this spot, after such a dinner as its pages so fondly describe. It bears about the same relation to sober literature that a bit of vers de société does to poetry.

Fancy, not being a machine, cannot, like an electrical battery, be eternally self-running. Yet, like her sisters of a lesser art, she must keep herself notoriously young and fair and nimble, and be very long a-dying.

If Mr. Stockton is only having a bit of fun, or a brief attack of idleness, his faithful public will wait with cheerful patience for something better, but they will consent but hardly to a willful water-



ing of his literary stock. The consequence of being one of a kind is to remain so. There seems to be danger of the Stockton species dying out.

### MRS. ATHERTON'S RENAISSANCE

AMERICAN WIVES AND ENGLISH HUSBANDS.—By Gertrude Atherton. 12mo. Dodd, Mead & Co. \$1.50.

WE have never joined loudly in the demand that American writers should always and continuously live in their own country. Mr. Henry James's expatriation, for example, has never seemed a crime to us. And for reasons a little different perhaps, after reading several of Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's volumes, we manifested no reluctance to have her leave these shores, and even welcomed her absence. But after examining her latest novel, *American Wives and English Husbands*, we have an increased respect for the chastening power of England, and we could even contemplate Mrs. Atherton's return without trepidation.

Patience Sparhawk and *Her Times* represented the culmination of the work of this lady upon the soil to which she was indigenous. His *Fortunate Grace* was apparently the product of a middle period, when residence in London had naturally led her to a contemplation of the problem of international marriage. *American Wives and English Husbands* is the calmer consideration of the same problem.

Mrs. Atherton has often indulged in hysterics since she has been in London, availing herself freely of the columns of the London press for this purpose. She has attacked American men and English women, and nothing had prepared us for anything more than her usual cheap sensationalism when we took up this volume. She has been the master of a miraculously vulgar touch, which took the freshness and distinction from any subject she touched. Her heroines have seethed with passion, intellect, and commonness. Her treatment of the English language has been barbarous enough to justify armed intervention.

Why cannot we send a colony of women authors to England? Mrs. Atherton's shining example of improvement would justify experiments at the nation's expense. In this new volume she lacks many merits which one might wish she had, but she has almost completely rid herself of her most vicious habits. Now when she sets out to depict a lady, the result is not, as formerly, a monstrosity of ill-breeding. She can almost write good English. A lovely spirit of calm and of quiet thoughtfulness seems to have descended upon her. There is perhaps a slight loss of that tumultuous energy which formerly marked her work, but this is amply compensated by the real strength which underlies it all.

Since writing this volume Mrs. Atherton has relapsed a bit, and has appeared in the newspapers protesting that she cannot write of English and Americans without being attacked for maligning the Americans. Frankly, we doubt this. The present book maligns nobody. It is singularly

mild in nature. It shows, not that Americans are bad husbands, but that Englishmen can be very good ones, even for a nervous, individualistic American woman. The heroine, though she comes of Southern aristocratic stock, was born and reared in San Francisco, first in poverty and afterwards in comparative affluence, and under the best influences of Western civilization. Mrs. Atherton has the advantage of knowing something about San Francisco—an aid deplorably lacking when she was writing of New York—and the picture of society there is interesting and plausible. A childish episode in Lee Tarleton's life had been the encounter for a few months with an English boy, whose father for family reasons had brought him abroad. Naively this boy, Cecil, later Lord Maundrell, and Lee plight their troth, and through all the triumphs of her girlhood Lee keeps a vague feeling that she really will marry him. Had she not grown up to be a beauty, she never would have done so, for, of course, later she releases him from the engagement he had half forgotten. But coming to America, he sees her, and they are married.

An Englishman, according to Mrs. Atherton, can only live with a wife who subordinates her individuality to his, who becomes a habit with him, who becomes, in short, an Englishwoman of the old fashion. Her heroine believes this, and for three years bravely and sturdily she does her best. Even when she grows a little weary of it, and decides that she wants a year's vacation back in California, Mrs. Atherton spares us tantrums, and keeps even the husband rational though hurt. Just then the underbred American wife of Lee's father-in-law threatens to disgrace the family, and Lee finds how closely she is bound to their interests. She takes no vacation, and the husband comes at the same time to a more rational, more modern, more American view of the marriage relation. Mrs. Atherton's heroine is an agreeable surprise. She makes no strange demands for freedom, and her idea of a successful marriage seems to be largely the achievement of compatibility of temperament. She proves that if the course of international love does not always run quite smooth, it may be made to.

### BOOKS RECEIVED

HARPER & BROS.

- THE GOLFCIDE AND OTHER TALES OF THE FAIR GREEN.—By W. G. Van T. Sutphen. 16mo. Illustrated. \$1.00.  
 VANITY FAIR.—By W. M. Thackeray; with Biographical Introductions by his daughter, Anne Ritchie. 8vo. \$1.50.  
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 THROUGH THE GOLD FIELDS OF ALASKA TO BERING STRAITS.—By Harry de Windt. 8vo. Illustrated. \$2.50.

D. APPLETON & CO.

- THE INCIDENTAL BISHOP.—By Grant Allen. 12mo. \$0.50.  
 THE LAKE OF WINE.—By Bernard Capes. 12mo. \$0.50.  
 THE STANDARD BEARER.—By S. R. Crockett. 12mo.

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The Boston Post says: "It is pathetic, witty and tenderly humorous."

The City Press, Philadelphia, says: "The Romance of Zion Chapel' is a novel of rare literary finish and impressive power. It is the novel of a poet who can write prose of rare distinction; of an epigrammatist who can flash wit and wisdom in a bewildering profusion of pregnant phrases; of a psychologist who can present objectively his keen, interpenetrative analysis of human motives and human character; of a painter who can project his portraits in relief against a background of hazy chiaroscuro."

This new book by Mr. Le Gallienne is uniform with "The Quest of the Golden Girl," which is now in its tenth edition.

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To Mr. Stephen Phillips has been awarded by the proprietors of *The Academy* (London) a premium of one hundred guineas, in accordance with their previously proclaimed intention of making that, and a second gift of fifty guineas, to the writers of the two books which should be adjudged worthy to be "crowned" as the most important contributions to the literature of 1897.

The London Times says: "Mr. Phillips is a poet,—one of the half-dozen men of the younger generation whose writings contain the indefinable quality which makes for permanence."

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